TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have a letter bearing the post mark of a town some hundred and fifty miles from here, requesting me to write an article on "that worst kind of villain who never gets into court. We have one. He is a member of the church and at the head of one of the church's societies; a conscienceless flirt who has broken the heart of one young woman, brought sorrow, if not heart break, to two others." The letter proceeds to give me a number of details which are unnecessary, as everybody knows that kind of a man and despises him. It has not been my aim to write essays on this page, but to make comments upon passing events, waiting for suggestions from those who desire special articles, and thus providing seasonable matter for all my readers. However, there is no reason why something should not be said with regard to the despicable character of those apparently respectable people who are criminals at heart, traitors by impulse, and would-be tyrants over the weak.

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There is no church or social organization of any sort which does not contain one, if not many young men who have obtained a sufficient knowledge of female character to know how easily a woman may be taught to love a man—it is a power which in some degree every man has. Indeed, everyone, without regard to sex and not particularly limited by personal beauty, has it. If boys knew as much as men of the world, the consequences would be fearful. If girls were aware of the fact that beauty and simulated affection could control and even destroy the strongest character, the task of parents and guardians would be a very difficult one. Young men and young women sometimes discover their power and are almost sure to abuse it. The pleasure caused by an ability to exercise strength, to display knowledge, is almost irresistible and when it is unaccompanied by kindness of heart and natural goodness the devil himself could not be more ruthless than are those who are possessed of such power. The young man, for instance, in the church society, who is utterly selfish, cold-blooded and calculating, has many opportunities for exercising his baleful influence. He meets the young women of the church, is respectable, has opportunities of escorting them home and meeting them frequently. Young women are susceptible. Parents frequently make the mistake—a mistake more often made by church members than any others—of keeping their daughters from a knowledge of the world. Thus their world becomes a very small one, limited by the confines of the little set chosen by their parents, unbrightened by a variety of home joys, with no possibilities save those of marriage and maternity. Such young women are the easiest victims of the "respectable" rascal. He is apt to be intelligent and self-possessed while others who are equally clever are lacking in the nerve which makes him popular. He whispers pretty things in willing ears, and the lonely little heart turns towards him, entwining his worthless nature with those tendrils of affection which are strong if permitted to mature and which, if torn ruthlessly from their place of attachment, bleed at every wound, leaving the loving and rejected one weak and hopeless, ashamed and fearful, though it has committed no sin except in loving a worthless and heartless man.

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The man himself may have intended to be faithful, but a sense of power and a vista of possibilities suggest a greater conquest, a more valuable alliance. The old love is thrown aside perhaps before a new one is selected. The rich and beautiful woman who has been mentally selected as the proper one to marry not appearing, another poor little moth is attracted and other wings are singed and no more pity is felt by the flirt for the writhing little victim than the flame feels for the poor crippled creatures which flutter their little moments of agony at its base. Men of this sort seldom find the rich and beautiful woman who is to be invited to marry them. Such women are ordinarily too well protected to be accessible to cold-blooded rascals. They grow older, their self-love increases, until someone of the opposite sex who is as strong as they and as worthless, stabs them with their own poniard and they yield to artificality and become yoked to deceit and heartlessness. It is seldom, indeed, that such a result does not follow. The male flirt soon establishes a reputation and when known he is always despised and his punishment is hailed with pleasure by those who witness his discomfiture.

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In dealing with the case suggested to me I have no idea of arguing that this fellow is peculiarly a product of church and temperance societies, though he seems to flourish in that atmosphere more than anywhere else. I have in my mind a commercial traveler who is an excellent illustration of the man who has only been in love once, and that once with himself. To my certain knowledge five young women have prepared a trousseau to marry this sandy-haired nobody and without exception those five girls were good specimens of womanhood and I am quite sure that there was not one amongst them who would not have made a good wife—a hundred per cent. better than the man deserved. How many more women he has induced to love him, I have no idea as he travels all over the country and this record belongs simply to his native town. He is not a favorite amongst men, is not particularly good-looking, but has a confidential whispering manner with women which seems to make them believe he is desperately in love with them. It is a wonder that he has not yet selected some young woman with a brother. If he were to have acted to a sister of mine as he has to the others, I should have pounded him to a peak. He has escaped this sort of thing, and with a dexterity which is the only thing about the animal to admire, has succeeded in persuading each one that he is still enamored of her, and though his conquests have extended over the last twenty years scarcely any of them have married. I often wonder if they are waiting for him. He must be fifty years old, gets himself up as youthfully as ever, leans over his nearest love and whispers in her ear and fails to get his nose pulled in just the same old-fashioned way. It beats all. I suppose he has a sweetheart in every town, at least in every town where he is forced to spend his Sunday, for he is exactly the kind of a man who would amuse himself inexpensively whenever he has an idle moment. Without any ability or special attractiveness I have no doubt that this middle-aged beau has perhaps fifty women who have waited, or are waiting, for him to marry them. If I make no mistake, some woman with a tongue as sharp as a razor and a hand as bony as a domino, will get him yet and make him suffer for his sins.

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All hail the shadowy barn—if I may be permitted to quote from one of my articles of recent date! When I see the way in which the Mayor and Council get down and crawl under the nearest shelter on every occasion when a troublesome topic is under discussion, it makes me wish that they might be forced to hold a meeting out on a prairie and stay in sight long enough for the lightning to strike some of them. On the Sunday street car question the creeping was saddening to see until it struck a few of them that it had always paid to be pious and then the majority of them were too religious to entertain for a moment the idea of Sunday street cars or the submission of the question to a popular vote. How easy that sort of piety is! How it doth become a man to be truly good when it costs him nothing! How difficult to stand up and talk sense and be sincere when prejudice is to be opposed and hypocrites are waiting to stab those who oppose it! There are some older men who are no doubt Sabbatarians by education as well as dullards by birth, but the majority of those who oppose the submission of the question to the people, crept under the shelter of the Mosaic law as they have crept under something during the discussion of every other question. It beats all. These men are strong as oxen on a question until a little storm gathers in the sky and then they weaken and crawl like great big lizards under the nearest shelter. It is enough to make an honest man sick to watch their performance. The Mayor was the man who inaugurated this under-the-barn policy, and he is being imitated all round. On the Equal Rights question, though an Orangeman and brought into sight by his brethren, he crept under the B. N. A. Act, and thereafter, seeing the advantage of having cover, he has found the decision of the City Solicitor, of the City Engineer, of a railway committee of the Privy Council, or somebody or something else, under which he could creep whenever he heard any unusual clamor or became alarmed by any appeal to his principles. The aldermen have followed suit until now the lizard act is as popular as overshoes on a wet day. I like any kind of a man better than the creepy-crawly fellow, a man who is willing to be all things to all men, the insincere man who is as smooth as velvet and as cheap and rotten as five cent cotton.

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Mankind loves courage. Even the men who lack it admire it in others. We are not far enough removed from our barbaric ancestors to forget that might used to be right, that the strong arm, the relentless purpose, the undaunted courage, and the force of manhood, once made the leader. Sometimes even in those brave old days the crawly-creeper usurped the functions of brave men, but it was only for a time. Courage and strength were often accompanied by anything but a pure purpose, were lacking in gentleness of administration and humanity, but the darkness of the times and the rudeness of the people are a better apology for tyranny and cruelty than civilization and culture are for hypocrisy and its full brother, cowardice. I may be wrong, and my opinion may be a lonely one, but amidst all our advancement and the safeguards which have been built up around life and property, I deplore the absence of individuality and that which asserts itself in spite of all opposition and that which will lead others, who can be led, of that recklessness and self-sacrifice which marked the Crusader and rang through the songs and folk-lore of the Norsemen. Why should we not have in our character the brave elements of the past coupled with the gentleness of to-day? Why should those men who in size, both physical and mental, are capable of being great and grand, reduce themselves to rolling, belly-crawling animals who have neither opinions, principles, nor pride?

I hate partisanship when it is being used for selfish purposes. I can endure it when it is for revenge, but not when it is being used for robbery. I will confess right here that I love partisanship when it is brother fighting for brother. I prefer the old-fashioned feuds, even the Corsican vendetta, to the cold-blooded and calculating sacrifices which are made by the every-day politician in order to gain a salary and to parade as an official. It seems to me that our every day life, our municipal life, our political careers, are being made up of the men with least beauty and strength of character. Conventionalities seem to override the impulses which, if properly directed, would be as great and grand as the Spartan bravery of old. As long as the characteristic of this new world is the figuring out of the safe course, we may be sure that our politicians will be contemptible and the policy of our country unmanly and debasing.

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Our preachers are to blame for some of it. Take for instance this Sunday street car question. The preachers are trying to keep a corner on the Sunday, they are afraid if any other attraction is offered their place of worship will be deserted. If they as ministers of the gospel, as vice-regents of the Immortal King, cannot maintain their ascendency and fill their auditoriums while street cars run, they are poor creatures and unworthy to be captains in the army of God. They, too, seem to want to creep under legislative enactments or municipal by-laws. Great heavens, are these the methods that are to be employed to force men to be good, and to compel women to be pure? Are we to be driven into heaven because we cannot ride on Sunday? Are we to be kept from the smoky abyss because there are no five cent fares on the Sabbath? Has the love of God and the example of Christ become so weak, so cheap, so without constraint towards righteous things, that the penny collection must be maintained by a municipal enactment, and the incomings and outgoings of the people directed by the same bigotry which once burned witches and tortured heretics? Has the organization of truth, the development of opinion and the fortitude of faith sunk so low that with added culture the world must become more fearful of evil and more tyrannical in practice? From a business point of view I can sympathize with the one-horse preacher on a side street who believes that if the street cars were running his congregation would go and hear somebody who had something to say and knows how to say it, but if I were in such a position I would either rely on my mission, on my brains, or my magnetism, or else become a real estate agent or work in a drain, both professions being about equally profitable at the present time. There was a time when the people were herded into heaven by a band of parsons who swung the fire brand of hell and shrieked damnation at the laggard. We have outgrown it. We have also outgrown the period when a man or woman goes to church because there is nowhere else handy to go to. People will go anywhere rather than be forced to attend services which are unpleasant. With proper means of transportation, men of brains will have an advantage when they preach. Without such facilities the present organizations must have better success, and like every other business which is fearful of its future, methods are employed which are unworthy of the cause and incident to the destruction of church influence. These aldermen, many of whom care nothing for Sunday in personal practice, imagine they are fortifying themselves when they come out from under the barn and are brave on this question. Their bravery is a singular example of cowardice.

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Another excellent example of the under-the-barn policy of the present administration was the appointment of a medical examining board to test the qualifications of the candidates for the position of health officer. I have had nothing to say about it, because I felt that the matter was in reasonably good hands. My sympathies have been with Dr. Pyne, the present incumbent of the office, and they were so strongly with him, a bright, clear-headed, honorable young fellow, that I felt that anything I would have to say would be biassed. His brother, R. A., is one of our most estimable and prominent physicians. If I had been in Mayor Clarke's position I would have appointed Dr. Pyne to the position because he is as well qualified as any doctor in the city and he is made of the kind of stuff which would have led him to fit himself for the place had he been lacking in any particular qualifications which required special study. Party ties should mean something, because in an administration where the head of it is a party man he is expected, where he can favor his own sort without offending against the public good, to do so. The Mayor would not have offended against the well being of the city had he appointed Dr. Pyne, even had it been said that he did it because he was a Conservative. He is infinitely superior in attainments and executive ability to his predecessor and his habits alone would have made him vastly superior, yet the administration could tolerate the abuse in the office which had preceded the temporary appointment of Dr. Pyne, while they had not the courage to give a bright young man the place and give him a chance to prepare himself. The chance will have to be given some one, no matter who it is, as it is a position which requires special attainments. Had the appointment been given to the favorite of the Council with a year allowed for travel and experiment, everyone would have been satisfied, but no, the Mayor and Council had to go under the barn again. They appointed a medical and examining board in order that throats might be figuratively cut and the blame kept away from those who in reality had done the slaughtering. This board reported that none of the applicants were possessed of the attainments necessary. Of course this might have been expected, but the sub-committee of the Health Committee sent back the report which recommended the appointment of an expert, and demanded the comparitive standing of the applicants. With a delicate sense of their responsibility which pleased the citizens, the examiners refused to place the result of this unexpected examination before the public. We can all understand that the men who submitted to that examination without special preparation should be protected instead of having their names and the number of marks they obtained paraded before patients who understand nothing about the circumstances or sciences, and have their professional standing injured by this most unbusinesslike proceeding. The examiners being professional men, understood this and refused, because nothing that they could offer would assist the Council to decide, but would rather tend to increase the contention and to embitter the feelings of those who had been rejected. The sub-committee, of which the Mayor I understand was chairman, insisted on the comparative standing being furnished. This comparison is meaningless as it simply gives the standing of men who were all rejected by the examiners. I am informed that the examiners did not yield this information to the sub-committee until advised by legal counsel that they must do so. This was the barn under which the Mayor's committee was anxious to creep. How they will get under it or emerge from beneath it I know not, but they have forced a number of eminently respectable

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and popular professional medical gentlemen to do what they thought was wrong to do, in order no doubt to put the blame on the examiners and to preserve themselves. The sense of propriety, the delicacy of feeling, manifested by the board of examiners, who were true to their trust, found no response in the sub committee, and now those doctors who were unfortunate enough to be applicants are published in the newspapers as incompetent, while they are not so esteemed by those who examined them nor by anybody who knows the circumstances. Altogether the committee and sub committee of the Council have been guilty of a very contemptible practice. They cannot find a man who would pass the examination demanded without paying a very large salary and seeking elsewhere for the expert. I suggest that the present incumbent be given six months or a year to perfect himself in sanitary science, and then given the place. We want one of our own men, and there is no better man than the one we have, if he had a chance to work up the specialties which are not a part of the medical curriculum.

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The newspapers can see some of their work in the behaviour of Day and the attitude of other murderers, the result no doubt of the Birchall publications. Burke once said: "It is not the day of judgment I fear, but the day of no judgment." The newspapers seem to be pursuing a course suggestive that the day of "no judgment" has arrived. Murders, villainous social departures, all sorts of disturbing and contaminating things fill their columns, with now and then a little space left for moralizing and abuse. The moralizing is directed against the practices which furnish them with material, and the abuse is for men who, no matter how they may have sinned, are not doing half the evil to the community which is being done by the newspapers which puts filth under every eye and suggests evil to every mind. The most guilty newspapers are hardest on poor Parnell, a man who has given his life to a cause. It may have been ambition, his motive may have been as bad as the motive of those who publish dirt for money, but the end was good from the standpoint of every Irishman no matter how it may have appeared to us who have disagreed with him. But he is making a great fight. I love a fighter. Long ago I have forgiven him his sin. Now I admire Parnell the fighter. Isn't he a great one? Long live the spirit that does not quail before its enemies. Long life to the man who does not commit public suicide because he had a black eye. He knows and we all know that in the old time when "he who was without sin was invited to cast the first stone," that no rocks were thrown. There has been much said about his sin against the sanctity of the home. The creature, O'Shea, had no "home," as the pure understand the word. The life into which Parnell was drawn was not the home life of our people or of the Irish people. He sinned, that is admitted, but because of one sin shall a man's career be everlastingly blasted? Shall his usefulness be destroyed? Then, indeed, would everybody be on his beam ends, for the Lord hath made us weak and none of us are without sin. Parnell made himself ridiculous. This is harder to forgive than his vice, for laughter will condemn a man when villany won't; but, as I said once before, Parnell has been the head of the Irish people, he has lived and fought for them, and if they are not true to him they are not true to themselves. His error was a terrible mistake—the terrible mistake a clergyman or religious leader makes when he sins—because the sin has been intensified tenfold by his position, by what was at stake, and yet we must remember that his strength was not added to tenfold by his position while his temptation was tenfold greater. For example a man who has all the impulses of the ordinary everyday citizen, a man who goes about town and takes a glass of wine with his friends, is not particularly blamed for this. He is entrusted with an important commission, one upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars depends. He lives as usual, he acts as he ordinarily acts, his nature is the same, his intentions are the same; yet disturbed by his responsibility, overcome by anxiety, he may take a glass of wine too much and his mission is a failure, and the loss reaches a large amount. It may prove that the man was unfit for the position, or it may prove that the circumstances were too much for him. If that man had lived through fifteen years of similar temptations, if in a thousand instances he had been successful while in the one he was a failure, shall the thousand be forgotten while the one be permitted to wreck him? Let us be just to people. I would rather forgive the crime which grows out of an illicit affection than condone the offence of selfishness and calculating lust, whether that lust be for women, money or power.

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How about those Carnival accounts? Are they being held over till next year? The patriotism of Toronto has got a hunk of cold ice on its spine and the proper celebration of Dominion day is unlikely until the expenditures of Ald. Dodds and his associates are explained. The newspapers which are demanding the figures are certainly not forcing the auditors, as five months have been allowed for the preparation of a statement and the payment of debts.

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The Rev. Dr. Caven has resigned the office of chairman of the Equal Rights Association. If he had led the movement as faithfully as Parnell led the Irishmen he and his partners would not now be politically, and for all good purposes, as deep "in the soup," to use a slang expression as they are. He may be very good and yet make great mistakes. Indeed, mistakes are the history of man since the time of Adam's hunger for apples and Eve's desire not to have a fruit luncheon all by herself.

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One of the prettiest things of the season entitled "Good News for Christmas and New Year," is a little book of "Wise Saws," which has been sent to me by Mr. W. R. Callaway of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The cover is very artistic and every page nicely gotten up and devoted to holiday rates. For example, under the chapter devoted to Courage it says, "'Try not the pass,' the old man said, but he did and successfully built the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies." Another under the head of Wisdom, "'True wisdom is to select the good from the bad,' therefore see that your ticket reads 'By the Canadian Pacific Railway.'" It is one of the cleverest things issued by a railroad and for that reason receives this free advertising, for there is no Canadian who does not feel proud of the courage and cleverness with which the C. P. R. is managed. We, here in Toronto, are of the opinion that they are altogether too smart for our municipal governors, but as Canadians we still take a pride in the astuteness of their advertising and the cleverness with which they have attracted business to their line.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The dance at Government House on Wednesday night was well attended. The invitation list included some two hundred, and the gayest and handsomest of Toronto's sons and daughters danced merrily in the spacious ball-room. The decorations included palms, ferns and poinsettia, and were most effectively arranged. Music was stationed about the place at the western end, and furnished excellent accompaniment for tripping feet. Miss Campbell's gown was of white silk and her flowers were violets; Miss Strange wore pale green silk and dark green velvet; Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, cream embroidered crepe; Mrs. Vernon, black lace and jet, with white flowers; Mrs. Bankes, white brocade with gold oriental embroidery and beaver; Mrs. Kerr, blue and white brocade; Mrs. McCullough, white dotted tulle and pink roses; Mrs. James Crowther, white brocade, diamond tiara and ornaments; Mrs. Arthur Grasett, old rose brocade with green velvet and pearl ornaments; the Misses Todd, white silk and gold embroidery; Miss Beatty, white net and marguerites; Miss Amy Beatty, pink net and roses; Miss Small, white silk; Miss Willkie, white tulle and yellow marguerites; Miss Drayton, pale green; Miss Parsons, blue tulle and velvet bodice with silver trimmings; Miss Rutherford, old rose satin with petticoat and waist of white jetted net; Miss Amy Rutherford, white tulle and moire; Miss Smith, pink and black brocade; Miss Violet Seymour, pale blue and forget-me-nots; Miss Dawson, blue tulle and pink roses; Miss Keefer, yellow silk, tulle and feathers; Mrs. W. Ince, yellow brocade, *en traine;* Mrs. G. Torrance, yellow brocade; the Misses Pope, white silk; Miss Yarker, white silk and gold; Miss Lockhart, white net and ribbons; Miss Gertrude Lockhart, pale green tulle; Miss Bunting, white chiffon; Miss Hugel, yellow satin and tulle with feather trimmings.

Cards are out for the second Grenadiers' assembly on January 6.

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Mrs. Cameron's dinner party, on Thursday of last week, was attended by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Miss Beardmore, Miss Benson, Mr. Blackstock and Mr. Darling.

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Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston is a guest at Government House.

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Mr. and Mrs. Molson of Montreal, who were recent guests at Chestnut Park, left here on Monday for Egypt, sailing from New York on Wednesday.

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Mrs. G. T. Blackstock returned to the city this week after a few weeks' visit in New York and Boston.

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Mrs. James Crowther of Bloor street gave a prettily arranged ladies' luncheon on Thursday of last week. The prevailing tone was pink, and the color scheme was daintily carried out in the delicately-tinted cloth centre of pale pink silk and profusion of pink begonia, set out by the rich greens of its waxen foliage. Those present were: Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Strange, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. McMurrich, Mrs. H. Keble Merritt, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Ryerson and Mrs. Sweatman.

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Society is looking forward with the greatest of pleasure to the ball to be given by Mrs. Henry Keble Merritt of Simcoe street on December 30. Mrs. Merritt being one of Toronto's most gracious hostesses this dance cannot fail to be an immense success. As a charming young belle remarked to me Mrs. Merritt is possessed of that happy knack of always grouping together people who are congenial. Shrewsbury Lodge is elegant and capacious and the ballroom is very large, while there are numbers of cosy corners, and the music, I hear, is to be unusually good.

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The Charity Ball on Thursday of last week was most deservedly successful, for the floor was constantly filled with enthusiastic dancers, while the spectators were scarcely less numerous. Especial attention had been paid to decorations, and bunting, palms and all the well known and delicate greenery of the hot houses contributed their faithful quota to the beauty of the surroundings.

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The ball was given under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Miss Marjorie Campbell, assisted by Mrs. Ridout, president of the ladies' managers of the Infants' Home, and Lady Cartwright, Lady Gzowski, Lady Macpherson, Lady Wilson, Mrs. George Arthurs, Mrs. W. Baines, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Sweny.

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The gowns worn were perhaps not as handsome as many which have been worn at other times this winter; but they all looked well and universally becoming, for the lights were shrouded with crimson gauze, and a rosy tinge changed coldly-colored fabrics to hues of rose, and flushed pale faces with a most becoming semblance of nature's beautifier. Miss Campbell wore white grosgrain silk with feather trimmings and violets: Mrs. Bankes, white brocade with gold trimmings and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, white satin with pearl tablier; Mrs. Sweny, white striped silk and pearls; Mrs. Kerr, white and blue brocade, ornaments with cut steel; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, heliotrope tulle over pale yellow satin; Mrs. James Crowther, black net with trimmings of steel fringe; Miss Sibyl Seymour, pale green; Miss Torrance, red silk and tulle; Miss Bunting, white satin and tulle; Miss Mortimer Clarke, white tulle over satin, with festoons of white violets, bodice of satin with tulle and violet ornamentation; Miss Small, black net; Miss Walker, blue tulle; Miss Parsons, black net with green; Mrs. Douglas Armour, white crepe du chene; Mrs. Macdonald, white silk with amber embroidery; Miss Amy Boulton, white; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, ruby velvet and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Cosby, blue moire and embroidered lisse; Miss Stewart, white and gold; Miss Bethune, white and gold; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, black lace over yellow satin; Miss MacMahon, cream crepe du chene, looped with pink roses, pearl ornaments; Mrs. George Dunstan, pink crepe du chene and diamonds; Miss Palmer, old rose silk with pale blue feathers and pearl ornaments; Miss Lily Maule, pale yellow silk with gauze and buttercup trimming and yellow roses.

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Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Armour, Mrs. Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Merrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Baines, Mr. Henry and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Beardmore, the Misses Beatty, Mr. G. Boulton, Mr. G. H. Barnard, Mr. A. Boultbee, Capt. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bostwick, Miss Baker, Capt. C. C. Burnett, Mr. C. and Miss Brent, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. Hume Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, the Misses Clarke, Lady Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra, the Misses Cawthra, Miss Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stanley Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Miss Cassels, Mr. H. Capreol, Mr. C. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, Miss May Cassels, Dr. F. P. Cowan, Miss Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cumberland, Mr. Fraser, the Misses Homer Dixon, the Misses Dupont, Col. and Miss Dawson, Col. and Mrs. Fred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Delamere, Miss Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. John Davison, Mr. Harry Donald, Mr. J. H. Dawson, Mrs. Eakin, Miss Eastman, Judge and Miss Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. and the Misses Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. T. G. Forster, Miss F. Fraser, Judge and Mrs. Finkle, Mrs. Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Gait, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Gooderham, Mr. W. Gillespie, Mrs. and Miss McLean Howard, Miss Howard, Mr. Allan Howard, Mr. P. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. A. Hoskin, the Misses Hughes, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Colonel and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. F. Hay, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, Mr. S. F. Houston, Mr. Joseph Hughes, Mr. James Ince, the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss S. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Long, Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. W. R. and Miss Meredith, Mr. George and Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Macdonald, Miss Montgomery, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Mr. E. W. and the Misses Morphy, Mrs. Billigan, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Miss McCarthy, Capt. and Mrs. McDougal, Mr. G. M. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Murray, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrison, Miss Montgomery, Miss Amy Monroe, Mr. Arthur Morphy, Mr. Charles Millar, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mr. John Murray, Mr. J. W. Murray, Mr. James A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs J. H. Mason, Miss Mason, Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, the Misses O'Reilly, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pope, the Misses Pope, Mr. F. B. Polson, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Miss Ella Ryan, Miss Ross, Mr. C. C. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. G. McRae, Mr. and Miss Ryerson, the Misses Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. J. Austin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mr. John Small, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, the Misses Smith, Miss Fanny Smith, Dr. Stewart, Miss Carrie Smith, the Misses Sullivan, Miss Schreiber, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Turver, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Thompson, ex-Ald. and Mrs. Walker, the Misses Walker, Mr. L. McCarthy.

*

Mrs. Osborne, who has been visiting in the city for the past few weeks, has returned to her home in Brantford.

*

Mrs. Cockshutt of Sherbourne street welcomed a large number of her friends to a very pleasant At Home on Wednesday evening. Among the guests were: Miss Michie, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Miss Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. and Miss McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Brodie, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, and the Misses Mason.

*

Mrs. George A. Cox of Sherbourne street entertained a number of friends at an At Home, last evening.

*

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of the Imperial Bank left the city this week to resume his old position in the Galt branch of the same bank.

*

Mr. W. H. Dickson and family have removed from Gwynne street to Cluny Lodge, their new residence on Walker ave.

*

The closing exercises of the Normal School were held on Thursday evening. An attractive programme was rendered supplemented by addresses and the presentation of a gold medal by Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education.

*

Dr. Ryerson, accompanied by his son and Mr. James Crowther, sail to-day from New York for Jamaica. They expect to see the West Indian Exhibition at Kingston and make a short tour of the islands, returning about the first week in February.

*

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson gave a delightful luncheon party on Tuesday at Derwent Lodge, her pretty home on Sherbourne street. The guests were: Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Gotham, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. A. E. Denison and Mrs. Thompson.

*

On Saturday afternoon last, Mrs. S. G. Wood of Wenmore Lodge welcomed nearly five hundred friends to an At Home in the Toronto Art Gallery. The decorations had been carefully planned, and consisted of ferns, palms and admirably arranged candelabra and delicately-shaded lamps, while sandal-wood was ignited to give an eastern fragrance to the room. There was an informal programme of amateur music, which added to the universally-acknowledged success of this novel and artistic At Home. Among the invited guests were Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell, Speaker and Mrs. Allan, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Sir Daniel and Miss Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Justice and Mrs. Osler and the Misses Osler, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Lloyd, and Sir Thomas and Lady Galt.

*

The College of Music at Home on Monday night was a brilliant success. Between four and five hundred bright young ladies with their escorts promenaded to the strains of orchestral music. The music hall and suite of rooms leading to it were transformed into a picture of loveliness. Prominent among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Bourlier, Mr. and Mrs. John Earls, Rev. Manly and Mrs. Benson, Miss Benson, Miss Hooker, Miss Andrich, Mr. and Mrs. Millichamp, Mrs. Chas. Moss, Miss Florence Clarke, Miss Ethel Mills, Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuttaford, Mrs. W. G. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. W. Macdonald, Dr. Barber, Mr. H. H. Langton, Mr. F. G. Mason, the Misses Gurney, Mrs. C. Webb, Mr. W. Webb, Mr. F. L. Webb, Mrs. Denison, and many others, including a large number of University students. The performers during the evening were Mrs. J. C. Smith, soprano, Miss Bonsall, contralto, Mrs. Adamson, violinist, Miss Houston, elocutionist, Miss Gordon and Mr. Torrington, pianists, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor. Miss Houston's recitation, The Tramp Musician, was in every way worthy of her reputation as an elocutionist. About ten o'clock the music ceased for a short time and during the interval an excellent supper was enjoyed. The young ladies of the College of Music who undertook the arrangements for the evening's entertainment have every reason to feel gratified at the success of their first At Home.

*

Among those from Barrie who were in town for the charity ball were Miss Hornsby, Miss Kortright, Miss Major, Miss Pepler and Mr. E. Kortright.

*

The Toronto Architectural Sketch Club held its first annual ball at Webb's on Thursday evening. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

*

The annual dinner of the Toronto Canoe Club was held in Harry Webb's, Monday evening last. The large dining hall was comfortable filled by the canoeists and their friends. The clock pointed to the hour of 8.30 when the party sat down to the task of lightening the tables which were groaning under the weight of the luxuries of the season. Ex-commodore Powell presided. Among the members and their friends were noticed the following: Commodore Jacques, Vice-Commodore Weston, Rear Commodore Fortier, Secretary W. C. Jephcott, Treasurer Hugh C. McLean, Dr. Sweetnam, Dr. E. King, Major Leigh, Capt. Stinson, Hugh Neilson, R. Tyson, A. Fraser, Argonauts Rowing Club; the Secretary Toronto Rowing Club, E. Hanlan, Fred Morphy, Harry Blight, W. B. Raymond, W. C. Lee, A. Shaw, E. H. Hackborn, Henry Sherrard, J. D. Kelley, H. R. Tilley, W. G. MacKendrick and a host of others.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The Junior Bachelors' hop in the Arcade, on Wednesday evening, was in every way a decided success, being one of the best dances ever given in Hamilton. The ball-room was more like a Swedenborgian paradise than anything else with its rose-colored lights, beautiful palms, and flags artistically arranged by the stewards themselves. Seven of the Thirteenth supplied the music, which was capital, and the floor was in perfect order for dancing. The stewards were Messrs. A. D. Garrett, M. Young, jr., H. E. Bull, R. S. Hall, A. L. Gartshore, J. Harvey, N. Bruce, W. E. Boyd, and H. H. Champ. All these gentlemen deserve great credit for the manner in which everything was conducted. The gowns worn on occasion were much admired. Mrs. Billings wore a handsome gown of pink silk and black net; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, a pretty dress of yellow moire with sapreys and rosette in hair; Mrs. Newburn, black velvet; Miss Labatt of London, black net; Miss Hemming, a very pretty white satin gown; Miss A. Hendrie, black lace with black and Mr. satin bodice; Miss Howard, black lace with pink roses; Miss Briggs, green satin and velvet; Miss Gillard, sage green and gold; Miss A. Hobson, white silk; Miss Ridley, white; Miss Thomson of Toronto, yellow silk with lace; Mrs. Ramsay, black lace and jet; Miss Bickwell, pale gray silk; Miss Dymont of Barrie, black velvet and net; Miss Dunlop, blue gauze; Miss Turner, black and white; Miss C. Hendrie, black and net; Miss Dewar, black and gold gauze; Miss A. Dewar, black with pale blue; Miss Bell, pale pink silk; Miss Billings, pale green and mauve; Miss Freeman, black net and gold. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. Bruce, Dewar, Pottinger, H. Gates, G. Gates, Moore, Burns, Ricketts, Hendrie, Pirie of Dundas, Martin, McGiverin, Faithful, Goldie, Baldwin, Billet, Hemming, Acres, Southam, Fleming, Ramsay, Labatt, Logie, Billings, Harvey, Montgomery, Lampman, Tinling, Barber and many others. It was about three o'clock when the merry dancers wended their way homewards.

*

Miss Labatt of London is the guest of her sister, Mrs Sidney Mewburn, Main street.

*

Mrs. Hendrie gave a charming dinner on Friday evening.

*

Miss Thomson of Toronto is the guest of her cousin, Miss Thomson of Charles street.

*

Miss Domville has returned from Detroit where she has been spending a week or two.

*

Mrs. MacLaren of Oak Bank gave a dinner party on Friday evening.

*

Miss Edith Mason gave a delightful afternoon tea on Saturday to a large number of her friends.

*

Mr. Colin Campbell of Montreal spent a few days in town this week.

*

Miss Hobart, who has been the guest of Mrs. Billings of Cloverlawn, returned to her home in New Jersey after enjoying two months in Canada.

*

Miss Leggat has returned from Detroit after spending three weeks there.

*

The Arcnoria lunch days in St. Paul's school room were well attended as they always are, and quite a large amount of money will be given to the Women's Christian Association. There were about twenty-five tables with two or three fair waitresses in caps and aprons at each table. Among those were Misses Gaviller, Ridley, Fuller, Leggat, Watson, Hendrie, Dunlop, Mills, M. Mills, Gillard, Dewar, A. Dewar, Bell, Dyment of Barrie, Ricketts, Lowndes, Bickwell

Boudoir Gossip.

IT would be rather untruthful to profess much sympathy for those reckless individuals who are "caught" while talking aloud of people in the street cars. Don't mention names, my friends, and don't say ill-natured things, because it may be that the girl's aunt or forty-second cousin is opposite, and some fine day in the future you will be tangling up your brains to discover the cause of a snubbing. Besides the chance of being reported, consider the bad taste which you thus publicly announce yourself as possessed of.

•

While there are many examples of thoughtlessness with regard to names, there are yet people who speak impersonally but over loud, and I am often amused. For instance, last week a fine-looking woman in a pretty, dark green suit sat near me, and a friend was questioning her as to her idea of the relative merits of Toronto and another Canadian city.

"We get dressmaking much cheaper there," she said; and then she added, "but you have so much choice here. There are so many novelties, and so many really pretty things that—oh, dear me—I should spend all my money, ye-a-rs before I got it."

I do not think that the inflection of the word "years" could ever be exactly reproduced. It sounded as if there would be great big bills, a fiercely-questioning husband and a tearful repentant woman for twelve months in each of those years.

•

It is my lot to ride nearly every week about a mile in an omnibus. Now, I do not dislike the vehicle. It is as comfortable as any other similar contrivance for the transportation of passengers, and I have found it punctual. It is whirled along as rapidly as good horses and a road-wise driver can take it. I have no fault to find with it, but the people—the misguided, impatient people, who, living up-town persist in climbing into the down-town 'bus, and *vice-versa*—they weary me into bitter revengeful and sarcastic thoughts.

How well I know them! Sometimes the only grumbler is a business man, and he has a small grain of the passengers' sympathy, until he rises, screams at the driver and testily announces that he "don't want to ride all over town." Then he gets out, and the people who are the innocent causes of his enforced ride wonder if they can't get their tea and coffee at some other store. Then there is the hungry man—one would feel sorry for him if they didn't know that men generally are hungry, and that it is not likely he will starve before he gets home. He is the most restless of all. He steps on his wife's toes, peers out into the noncommital darkness and wonders impatiently "where he has been taking us to." This petulant soliloquy usually occurs when the ride is only three parts over, and there have been times when occupants who knew just where the farthest stopping place was, have laughed silently, and caught themselves in a mystical calculation as to how much physical strength and precious gray matter of the brain the grumbler was losing and how many years he would live in consequence.

Jacob writes me this week: "Please say to your friend Marguerite, that when I see the fields all ablaze with daisies—as they are in this portion of our country—their white petals will remind me of the pure soul of the woman I think her to be; and their golden discs will seem to me her unalloyed heart. My wish for her is that when her knight is chosen, he may be as chivalrous as those of old, unwavering in devotion to this pure-souled lady of his love, and as gentle as brave. I would wish him to be young and handsome, to match her youth and beauty, their united affection giving mutual strength to travel life's pathway. I would wish them the blessings of health and wealth to build their home, and good spirits with angelic influences to guide them. As the speeding years and the hair, intertreaded with silver, show to me that my winter of life is fast approaching, so much the more do I wish that youth should be mated with youth, in those bonds that should be the most sacred on earth."

•

Dame Fashion assures us: That net bridal veils are more worn than lace ones. With lace the face cannot be shrouded, and she says that it should be, so for once the cheaper material is favored.

Three cornered hats, lace ruffles and big cuffs are all much worn by those who are picturesque in their style of dress.

Collars of gold gimp have a suggestion of chenille peeping from the intricacies of their patterns, and their fastening is of gaily-colored ribbon.

A recent wedding gown is mentioned as having been made of white velvet, with the bodice embellished with real pearls.

Black velvet slippers with pretty buckles of filagree silver, paste or real diamonds are often worn with evening toilettes.

•

Debt is a horrible monster, exacting as to interest, pitiless in exposure and just in its exaction of the pound of flesh, which too often comes from the very heart. It is not every one who can say as a man did to me to-day. "If I died now I would leave enough ready money to pay all my debts, bury me decently and put up a monument with a little verse on it." I like his business ability. I know something of his struggle and I admire the whole-souled way in which he said: "If I couldn't pay for what I wanted, I'd go without it." There's no other way on earth to keep head and shoulders above circumstances. What is fitting and can be afforded is better far than what is elegantly handsome, but out of purse-reach.

•

With the cold weather has come my old friend the "muff-wagger." I made her acquaintance last year. She is very peculiar, for while looking decidedly singular, she is, unfortunately, very plural. Don't do it, girls—it's horrible. Wiggle, waggle, waggle, wiggle, bump they go, and arms, shoulders, head keep time. It is not graceful, and you would pardon anyone for laughing if you only knew how you looked.

All week I have been interested in Christmas shoppers. One can always single them out, for they look so decidedly mysterious, even when a little worried. It is such fun, too, to consider how many little hearts are full almost to bursting with precious secrets. There are queer-shaped parcels hidden away, locked bureau drawers and fearful fluttering of hearts when someone pokes about where someone isn't wanted a bit. Ah! it is very precious the Christmas tide, for somehow the old customs draw families closer and waken memories which soften care-hardened hearts and bid us all be merry and glad like the little ones who look with such awe and reverence towards their patron saint. CLIP CAREW.

On the Landing.

Penelope—Don't! Stop!
Jack—I can't help it (kisses her).
Penelope—How dare you, when I forbid it?
Jack—You merely said, "Don't stop."—*Life*

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. Thirty years ago a journey from New York to San Francisco meant a tedious voyage around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus, or a still more trying and uncomfortable voyage in a "prairie clipper." Now it has dwindled down to a mere five-day's existence in a sumptuous palace car, in which no element of discomfort is allowed to enter to mar the pleasure of the tourist. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. The traveler's overcoat should be a single or double-breasted ulster with a cape or capot, broad collar. It should be provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the throat when leaving the heated atmosphere of the car in cold weather. The cape or capot should be made detachable by means of buttons beneath the collar. The material used in such garments are of the Scotch cheviot makes, in plaids or diagonals, which make a very handsome garment. Having on hand a most desirable line of these goods, I would ask your inspection before purchasing elsewhere. Elegance and fine workmanship, combined with moderation in prices. The fashionable West End tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

A YEAR'S PROBATION.

I am an old woman now—the snows of more than ninety winters have whitened my hair—and, like many old people, I delight to recount stories of my early days.

The year 1814 was the saddest of my life. On one bright summer afternoon my father was carried to the grave. Many times since then I have hidden loved ones adieu; but this first sorrow came upon my unshadowed girlhood as an appalling calamity. The anguish of bereavement was speedily followed by a tearful departure from the dear home of my childhood; for my father had been the rector of the parish, and his family had to give place to others. But adversity was still our guest—gaunt poverty drew nearer every day—till at Christmastide we were almost destitute.

At nightfall on the twenty-sixth of December I sat alone in the kitchen of the dilapidated old house in which we had found shelter. All through the day I had gone about blithely striving to make the children happy, anxious that care should not overtake them while they were so young. With a smiling face I had that morning unsealed the last pound of flour for the plum-porridge for their scanty dinner; but, as daylight faded and no provision could be made for the morrow, unable any longer to conceal my anxiety, I withdrew to take counsel with Mattie, our old and faithful nurse.

The kitchen was in perfect order, but Mattie was not there. I drew a stool into the shelter of the chimney-corner, and endeavored to solve my difficult problem—How were we to live? It was a bitter winter even for those who were comfortably off, for war ragged abroad and bread was scarce at home. Our meal bag and purse were both empty, and I had no idea where we were to get food for the morrow.

In the midst of my despair the outer door opened, a clatter of pattens sounded on the threshold, a steady footstep crossed the stone-flagged floor, and Mattie, arrayed in a huge bonnet and a long gray cloak, stood before me.

"Fie, Miss Dorothy! Tears at Christmas-tide! What ails you, dearie?"

I looked into the pleasant honest face and felt wonderfully cheered.

"Oh, Mattie, I am so worried! Our purse is empty, as you know, and——"

"Ah, Miss Dolly, it is crossing the bridge before you come to it that sinks you in the bog! Troubles fly away like rooks if you get near enough to lay a finger on them."

Then, with a smile on her dear plain face, Mattie set her capacious basket upon the hearthrug, and brought from its depths a bag of flour, another of oatmeal, a packet of tea, sugar and salt—both precious commodities at that date—with sundry other articles for domestic use.

"Dear Mattie, how did you manage——"

"It was very easy, Miss Dorothy, when I set myself to think out a way. Almost the first thing that came to my mind was the thought of my lace pillow, which had lain by chest for many a long day. When I took it out, there were six rows of good lace ready to be cut off. I said not a word, but trudged away to town, and carried it to Lady Frogmorton, who was glad enough to buy it, willingly paying six shillings a yard, though it was yellow with age. She asked for more too as soon as it could be made."

"Oh, Mattie, how good of you! Your dear old lace pillow!"

Mattie's youth had been spent in the Midlands, where she had learned this pleasing art. Her swift-moving bobbins with their bright heads had been the delight of my childish days.

"Mattie," I whispered, "could I not help?"

"To be sure! We must share as one," replied she. "I have plenty of bobbins to set up another pillow; and Mr. Owen the draper will purchase as much as we can make. But I must not stand talking, for there is the bread to be set for baking; and then I will run up to Farmer Scott's and fetch some milk for the children's supper."

"Let me go, Mattie."

"No, Miss Dorothy. You, our rector's daughter, alone on that lonesome road at this hour!"

"We are not in Chevely, Mattie; I shall not be recognized, and there is no danger. Give me your cloak; the run will do me good."

Mattie glanced at my gleeful countenance—so different from the mournful visage that she had gazed upon half an hour before—and yielded her cloak to me.

"You must take the lantern; there is no moon to-night."

As she spoke, she took down the lantern from the high mantel where it stood and lighted it with a brand from the fire.

I buttoned my cloak, drew the hood over my head, and took the lantern from Mattie; then, as we turned simultaneously towards the door, we saw that we were not alone.

Mattie screamed, and I almost dropped the lantern, for just within the door, arrayed in overcoat, top boots and travelling cap, stood a stranger, who had entered unperceived. He was a little old man, yet there was a peculiar air of dignity about the slight, wiry figure, while the russet face, with its keen, bright brown and dark, scintillating eyes, would have commanded attention in any assembly. The intruder returned one astonished glance at Mattie, then, laying his hand upon my arm, quietly removed me from his path, walked across the kitchen, drew an arm chair in front of the fire and sat down.

"Does Dorothy Hare live in this house?" he inquired presently, looking round with a quizzical expression, as we stood staring at him. Mattie by the table, pale and astonished, I where the intruder had left me, still grasping firmly the ring of the lantern which hung at my side.

The man's voice broke the spell. I walked boldly up to the hearth, and said quietly:

"I am Dorothy Hare."

The stranger vouchsafed no reply, but scrutinized me in an unpleasantly comprehensive manner. Then he rose leisurely, took off cap, gloves, and coat, drew from a pocket a pair of bright buckled shoes, took off his boots, put on the shoes, and stood revealed in brown coat, silk stockings, and powdered hair—a servant in livery! And I had imagined him to be a nobleman at least! Thus abruptly undeceived, I laughed outright.

"Pray, maiden, wherefore thy mirth?" demanded our visitor, contracting his heavy brows.

But I could not immediately check my untimely merriment.

"Linger no longer, Dorothy Hare," he continued, "or the children may go supperless to bed. Were I a younger man, you should not go alone; but I am old, and fatigued from a long and tedious journey."

At the first suggestion of his company I moved away quickly—a solitary walk would be infinitely preferable to the society of this eccentric man. But curiosity overcame my caution, and I turned towards him again.

"Have you traveled far to day?"

"Will you go?" he demanded, in a ringing tone which had the effect of making me hurry out and close the door after me.

Lantern in hand, I ran down the garden path and walked rapidly along the quiet country road.

On my return, I entered the house with some trepidation, to find Mattie seated at the table winding bobbins, while the stranger dozed in a chair. I slipped off my cloak as quietly as possible, and went into the parlor to prepare my mother for the unexpected visitor. Noise less or more by movements, they had aroused the sleeper; for in the midst of my recital my mother raised a warning finger. Turning my head as I knelt by her couch, I saw the little wiry old man standing within a yard of me. My indignant exclamation as I sprang up evoked only a mocking smile; but I forgave the man all his oddity on seeing the gentle compassion in his eyes as he glanced at my mother's pallid grief-worn face and the respectful courtesy with which he received her salutation.

"I come, madam," he said, "on a melancholy errand. Your uncle Matthew Maddison is no more."

"I know, sir," replied my mother, "sorrow is now my constant companion! All minor troubles are swallowed up in one overwhelming bereavement. Nevertheless, I grieve for the poor old man who in my childhood showed me much kindness."

"He was not poor, madam—he was exceedingly rich. It is on account of that wealth that I have undertaken so long a journey in this inclement season."

"Indeed! Am I entitled to a legacy?" asked my mother quickly.

"Ah, I perceive that is the interesting question!"—with a cynical smile.

Mother's face flushed hotly, as she answered, with quiet dignity—

"Sir, my children need bread!"

"A very fair excuse, madam. I regret your disappointment. No legacy awaits you; but I bring a copy of your kinsman's testament, which, with your permission, I will read at once."

He drew a chair to the table, snuffed the solitary candle, produced from his pocket an important-looking document, and began to read.

The will, divested of legal verbiage, was to this effect: "I, Matthew Maddison, bequeath my old and faithful servant, Jonas Johnson, the sum of fifteen thousand pounds. I desire that the rest of my property be equally divided between my sister, Deborah Denny, my cousin, Silas Bray, and my grand-niece, Dorothy Hare, on condition that they dwell together in the Manor House of Kingslea for twelve calendar months after my decease. If one of the three be absent from the Manor House on a single occasion at any hour between midnight and daybreak, he or she shall forfeit all interest in my estate to the benefit of the remaining legatees."

"A very simple condition!" I exclaimed. "You may be sure I shall not run away!"—and I nodded quite gaily to the stern-visaged man who frowned so ominously at my glee.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," rebuked my mother softly, "you forget the sad occasion of your good fortune!"

"Dear mother, it is love of you that makes me glad! No more poverty—no stint of necessary things! Our home will be a little paradise again!"

"Forgive her, sir," said my mother to Jonas Johnson. "She is a brave true-hearted girl, though now excited at the thought of being able to assist those whom she loves. And must I lose my comforter?" she added sadly, clasping me in her arms.

"You must very speedily," declared the old man. "It is imperative that we start early to-morrow morning, or we shall not reach Kingslea in time to attend the funeral, as the legatees are required to do; so, with your permission, madam, I will retire to the village inn. I stand in need of a good night's rest."

"Pray, sir, do not linger! I sincerely wish we could offer hospitality; but——"

"Madam, no words are necessary. I fully appreciate your kindness."

With stately courtesy he bade my mother adieu, bowed to me with a mocking smile, and departed.

In the chill darkness of the winter morning a post-chaise rattled along the silent road and drew up before our garden gate. Much as we rejoiced at the unexpected good fortune which had befallen us, the parting was bitterness to one. Tears streamed down my mother's cheeks and sobs choked my utterance as hand in-hand we walked down the garden path, following the unsteady light of a lantern carried by my eldest brother, who walked in front, Mattie and the children bringing up the rear. When we passed through the gate the glow of the lamp and the impatient horses' pawing of the ground indicated to vividly the reality of the long separation that I clung to my mother and refused to say farewell. In this emergency my mother was stronger than I. She unclasped my clinging arms and whispered:

"Dear girl, I beg for my sake! Remember, we all depend on you!"

So I embraced the tearful group waiting at the gate, and suffered Jonas Johnson to lead me to the chaise. I was already seated therein when, standing on the step, he counted into my lap twenty golden guineas.

"The first instalment of the year's pinmoney," he said curtly, when I stared at him in astonishment.

Without a word I gathered up the coins, pushed past Jonas as he turned to give directions to the post-boy, poured the money into my mother's hands, and, with a last fond kiss, returned to my seat.

We reached Kingslea in the afternoon of the day appointed for the funeral, which was to take place by torchlight. Stiff with cold, weary and confused from the effects of my long drive, I stood in the entrance hall of the Manor House, and made my curtsey to my elderly kinswoman, Deborah Denny.

"So this is Dorothy Hare!" she said grimly, as she saluted me. "A pale-faced chit with paunch of beauty to boast of! Is your mother is dead? He has left you none too well off, I'll be bound!"

"We are very poor, aunt," I said, beginning to cry partly from weariness, partly from sorrow such a chilling greeting—"at least," I corrected myself, with a sudden recollection of the twenty guineas, "we were until Mr. Jonas——"

A dark frown on the face of Mr. Jonas himself, who stood behind my aunt, brought my explanation to an abrupt conclusion.

"Oh, yes," interposed Mrs. Denny, with a discordant laugh, "pray don't be too modest—until Mr. Jonas informed you of your inheritance, you mean! Of course a legatee is no longer poor!"

With Mr. Jonas standing by, I dared not say that I had not referred to the legacy. My tears fell faster than ever.

"Don't be mawkish, girl!" said my aunt crossly; and, turning away, she left me standing in the hall, uncertain in which direction to proceed.

At a sign from Jonas a rosy-cheeked damsel came forward. She led me upstairs to a large handsome darkly furnished chamber, where a generous fire seemed to give me a ruddy welcome. The genial warmth revived my drooping courage. I wiped away my tears, and was comforted.

"You must be tired, miss," said my maid, when she saw I could speak; "and you have had no dinner. I will bring a tray up here; then you can rest as much as possible."

"Will Mrs. Denny approve of my dining here?" I asked anxiously; for already the fear of aunt Deb's sharp tongue was casting a gloomy spell over me.

"I do not know that she need be consulted, Miss Dorothy. She is not our mistress yet."

So I took my dinner in peace.

There remained another ordeal. It would have been considered an insult to the dead if I had neglected to visit the room in which my great-uncle lay and look upon the face I had never beheld in life. So, when I had exchanged my traveling-dress for the crape trimmed robe which had been prepared for me, Patience, my maid, took the candle, and preceded me along the corridor, down several shallow steps, and up an irregular staircase to the door of the silent chamber. The girl turned the handle softly, and, slowly pushing the door open, whispered:

"I will wait here for you."

I was a timid nervous girl, and, as the door closed after me, I shook with fear. Stealing round the massive bedstead with its black velvet hangings, I found that mine would not be a lonely vigil. At the foot of the coffin, which was placed on trestles in front of the huge empty fireplace, stood Jonas Johnson, gazing with mournful tenderness upon the face of his dead master. The sorrowful expression of the usually stern countenance drew me to his side, and I laid a sympathetic hand upon his arm.

"It is very sad for you to lose your friend," I said, wishing to comfort him.

Then I too turned to gaze at the gray rigid lineaments on which the full light from the candles fell. With a cry of amazement, almost of horror, I started back, so marvellous was the resemblance between the face now motionless and cold in last long sleep and the face of the living man by my side. Feature for feature they tallied with each other.

"Ay, ay," muttered Jonas, misunderstanding the cause of my ejaculation, "they are all alike—they shrink from the dead, and care only to claim his money!

Alas, it was too true! As I stood by the coffin and the solitary mourner, I thought of my father, who had been laid to rest amid the tears and lamentations of all his parishioners. But this old man, poor with all his wealth, had passed away unregretted, save by one faithful servant. Tears were in my eyes as I stooped to kiss the pallid face.

"Yes," I said to Jonas, who was watching me intently, "I am glad to have the money—it will save my mother much suffering; yet I wish that I had known and loved the donor."

After the funeral, the dull winter days went by slowly and monotonously. Not that my time was spent in idleness—Aunt Deb, the self-constituted mistress of the household, took care of that. Though the staff of servants was amply sufficient, I was appointed to dust quantities of fragile china, to clean plants, and perform sundry other services. The mornings being thus occupied, my afternoons were devoted to interminable tasks of sewing and darning, at which I worked till my fingers ached and my eyes grew heavy and dim. Relief came at last however from an unexpected quarter.

One afternoon I was sitting near the window, trying to take advantage of the last rays of daylight that I might finish a tedious seam, when Jonas Johnson walked quietly into the dining-room. It was strange for Aunt Deb, though ruling every one else with iron sway, stood in awe of this man. The maids grumbled and submitted—cousin Silas followed her about like a lapdog; but, whatever Mrs. Deborah might imagine, Jonas evidently considered himself master of the situation. He went about the house how and when he chose, and even issued orders to the servants, coolly indifferent to Aunt Deb's sharp tongue. I often wondered whether it was his marvellous likeness to her dead brother which subdued her. On this occasion Jonas calmly took his position on the hearthrug between Aunt Deb, who sat scoll-upright, disdaining the support, and cousin Silas, who lounged feebly against the cushions of his chair. Standing thus, in an attitude that would have become the owner of the mansion, Jonas gazed, with a look of grim amusement in his piercing eyes, at Aunt Deb's forbidding countenance, glanced with an expression of pitying forbearance at the inane listlessness of cousin Silas, then walked to the window at which I sat.

"It is not yet dark," he said, quietly, but so distinctly that I knew Aunt Deb must hear him, "and it is fine, if cold. Put on your cloak, and come through the park with me."

I rose with alacrity, then, seeing Aunt Deb's face, hesitated.

"Go at once!" persisted Jonas. His dark eyes flashed, and his voice, clear, calm, and incisive, rang through the room.

Right gladly I made my escape.

From that day such interruptions of my labors were frequent. He would call me to accompany him in long rambles over the moors or through picturesque dales. At such times I was spent hours in the open air; and, too busy to go himself, he would contrive some errand of charity or pleasure which, with Patience as companion, would ensure an agreeable and healthful walk. Jonas Johnson's word was law. Whenever the demand came I was allowed to leave my work and go whither he bade me. In the hour Jonas asserted his authority over me, my aunt's animosity increased.

At the period of which I write, few people questioned the existence of ghosts. More than once, since coming to the Manor House, I had been disturbed by the appearance of a tall figure robed in white, who, standing by my bedside in the middle of the night, held up a warning finger, and cried in a sepulchral voice:

"Flee—flee! A curse is on this house! Flee before evil befall you!"

This apparition, breaking upon the profound slumbers of healthy girlhood, was so timly perceived that in the morning I thought of it only as a vivid dream. But, when the dream returned again and again, I grew perplexed, and on the last occasion felt so annoyed at being thus unreasonably disturbed that in my half-unconscious condition I took up a goblet which stood near and flung it at the intruder, who was slowly disappearing behind the partially closed door. Thoroughly aroused by the crash of the broken glass, I sprang out of bed, and would have rushed into the corridor after my uncanny visitant but that the door would not yield to my hand, being locked or held on the outside.

"Open the door!" I called, resolved to put an end to this sorry jest—for jest I concluded it was.

I received no reply, the door was not unfastened, and reluctantly I went back to bed, baffled for the time.

One evening in March, having in the afternoon accompanied Jonas on a long tiresome walking walk, I became so drowsy than about eight o'clock I craved permission to retire. Going to the housekeeper's room, I obtained a glass of milk and a thick piece of cake, then went lightly up to my chamber. It was a spacious apartment, and, despite the bright fire, sombre shadows lurked in every corner. I shivered involuntarily, then laughed at my nervous fears, and hastily prepared for bed. My head upon the pillow, I soon fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

How long I had slept I cannot tell, but suddenly I became aware of a strange unwelcome presence. Then, fully awake, I beheld with horror a white-draped figure with outspread arms looming darkly between the window and the bed. Nearer and nearer the baneful thing approached; and in the livid drapery I descried the cerements of the tomb. On it came till it stood beside my bed; and amid the wrappings of the face I saw, as I believed, the hideous sockets of a skeleton. The long figure, retaining human shape would have caught me in their grasp; but, with the energy of despair, I seized each wrist firmly, exclaiming, with a mirthless laugh:

"I am the stronger, for I am yet alive!"

I wrestled with all the strength of desperation, and in the struggle the windingsheet fell off, disclosing, to my amazement, the gray locks and shrunken features of Mrs. Deborah Denny.

"Aunt Deb!" I cried. "So it is you who would drive me away! You wicked old woman!"

The strain upon me had been too severe, and, with a shriek that might have roused every one in the house, I fell senseless at my aunt's feet.

(To be Continued.)

Processes.

A lady of wide educational experience told, the other day, this story of a small school-boy whom she found in great distress over his lessons. When she asked what had been his particular trouble that day, he stated this arduous problem:

"If John has two red apples and Charles has two, how many red apples have they both together?"

"Is that hard?" she said.

"Very hard," he said, sadly.

"But surely," she replied, "you know already that two and two make four; there can be no trouble about that."

"Of course no," was the pathetic response. "Of course I know that well enough, Mrs.——. But the process!—it's the process that years me out."

No one who has had much to do with schools, and especially with public schools, can help seeing the tremendous force of this Lilliputine sarcasm. Multitudes of things which come so naturally into a child's mind that they might almost be taken for granted, are virtually taken from him, and offered him again in such a formal shape, and so environed with definitions and technicalities and "processes," that he is almost made unconscious that he ever knew them. It is not confined to arithmetic. Many children who have grown up under educated influences write better English—certainly more idiomatic, and often more correct—before studying English grammar than afterward. They write as they speak, by ear, and the rules confuse more than they help. In the study of natural history I have heard exercises with "object-lessons" that seemed to me expressly contrived to stultify the human intellect; and this especially in normal schools, where one young pupil stands up before the others, making believe that she knows everything, and her classmates sit before her making believe that they know nothing. It is necessarily all a form and a "process." They go throught the questions which the children are supposed to ask about the object; and of course, if the real children do not ask the right questions, they must be taught to ask them. They must wish to know what they ought to wish to know; and they must be told what they ought to wish to know, not what they really desire. When the young teacher tires real children, therefore, instead of studying their actual mind-, she proceeds on a method previously arranged.

Perhaps it is a stuffed bird which she holds up before them. She says, as she has been taught to say, "Children, what is this?" One boy shouts, "It's a jay." Another says, almost simultaneously, "It's a blu-jay." Then the teacher explains to them that this is not the proper answer at all. They must answer first, "A bird"; and then they must go on, with due surprise, to the information that it has two legs and has wings; and by-and-by, after plenty of systematic preparation, they may go on to the fact that the bird is a jay, and even a blue-jay—all this being something which they knew perfectly well already, but must not be permitted to recognize in any unmethodical or disorderly form. The consequence is that the bright and observing children, who ought to be the leaders of the class, are deadened and discouraged, and all of the laurels go to the unobservant and the stupid, who never notice I a bird in their lives, and would not do anything so unseemly as to pronounce any stuffed object a bird, until the teacher had led them up to it by a logical and irresistible process.

It did not surprise me, in the discussion which elicited the anecdote with which I began, when a later speaker, a man who had spent many succes ful years as teacher and school superintendent, expressed freely the opinion that there were many schools which simply stultified their pupils, instead of enlightening them, and when he asserted, as a general proposition, that at least thirty per cent. of the time in our public schools was devoted simply to teaching over again to children, in a more elaborate and artificial way, what they already know perfectly well in their own way, the time being given in other words, to the "process," not to the real thing. It is something, I suppose, which all the best teachers will admit as an evil, and something which they all struggle against all the time. At some points certainly there has been much improvement made; thus reading and spelling are taught far more easily than they once were, and in a less mechanical way. The same is true, in many schools, with grammar, geography, and history; and when one considers what large schools our teachers have, and of what heterogeneous materials, and of what uncertain supervision, one may well wonder that they accomplish as much as they do. They certainly achieve almost everywhere some training in the ordinary duties of obedience, order, self-control, patience, and propriety. This is much; and the time is coming when they will impart more of the substance of intellectual training, with less of the "process."

And what is true of schools is true in other ways, and especially of the usages of society. There there is an immense deal of artificial training, often simply teaching in a more elaborate way what is the natural outgrowth of a good home. The tricks of all manners lies in gentleness, the self-control, the unselfishness, which a good mother teaches her children if she can, in a log cabin or a mining camp; the uprightness, the conscientiousness, the self-respect, which can face queen or clown without being overcome by either. The little technicalities which society demands are very trivial; the process can be learned in twenty-four hours by an observing person; but the foundation of manners lies in character, and those who have not this foundation may at any moment be thrown off their balance, and reveal themselves as boors or bores. It is desirable for a child to go to dancing-school, but all its artificial rules are not so good as the simple principle laid down by the boy in Mrs. Diaz's delightful William Henry Letters: "I told 'em I didn't see what this nonsense of going to dancing-school to learn how to enter a room; I told 'em just walk right in!" Savages often put us civilized beings to shame by the quiet dignity with which they accept novel situations for which they have had no tutoring, as Mrs. Leighton, in her Life at Puget Sound, describes the perfect propriety with which an Indian chief conducted himself at her table, although it was his first experience of the kind, and he might on any day be seen making his own meal from the shell-fish and sea-urchins on the beach. The first ingredient in good manners is self-respect; the second, that unselfish considerateness for others, which is best to be learned in a refined and kindly home. All social graces are merely the imitation or elaboration of these high qualities. Tennyson well says, speaking of good manners:

"Kind nature is the best; those manners next
That fits us like a nature second hand,
Which are, indeed, the manners of the great."

—Harper's Bazar.

Mr. F. G. Callender, the well-known dentist, whose announcement appears in another column has removed from 65 Carlton street to newly fitted up and elegant premises at 394 Yonge street, over Mr. D. L. Thompson's pharmacy.

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Jeremy Diddler—You don't?

Lt. Percy Yerger—Never, sir, do I take anything back.

Jeremy Diddler—All right! You are the man I've been looking for. Lend me half a dollar.—*Texas Siftings.*

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One Man's Luck.

When Morris Vaughn wooed my cousin May Willis, everybody frowned from Uncle and Aunt Willis down to the merest chance acquaintance. For the Vaughns were an unlucky family. Everybody said so, and universal public opinion has generally some little foundation in truth. Morris inherited nothing from father or grandfather but twenty acres of the meanest land that ever tried a farmer's patience, a miserable farm-house all out of repair and a long list of unpaid accounts which the heir of this valuable estate was naturally expected to settle. But while everybody frowned, nobody wondered, for Morris Vaughn was one of the most perfect models of manly strength and comeliness it was ever my good fortune to behold, and, by dint of up-hill perseverance, he had put into his handsome head a fair amount of solid information.

Tall, above the standard six feet, with broad shoulders and full chest, he could out-walk, out run and out-jump any young man in Green Hollow, our village. He had large brown eyes, curling brown hair, a milk-white skin in winter, bronzed to a rich tint in summer, teeth strong and even, and good features. Strong as a young Hercules, he was gentle as a woman, full of manly vigor. He was fond of reading, and had a tenacious memory for the best of all he read. Strictly temperate, upright and industrious, he was still under the ban, the son of an unlucky family.

His mother shared with him the patrimony of which I have spoken; and, having had, as she said, "a run of ill-luck" all her life, had subsided into a chronic whine and listlessness that would have driven any nature less amiable than that of her son into the same shiftless despair that had ruined father and grandfather.

But Morris had a heart sound and sweet to the core, and when he laid it at the feet of May Willis, she wrapped it closely about with her true love, and defied ill-luck to separate them. She was a tall, full-figured girl of nineteen, healthy and strong, without any great beauty, but comely and sweet-tempered. But Uncle Willis had a flourishing farm, a snug bank account and a rasping temper, and he "wasn't going to give May to one of those unlucky Vaughns by a long shot."

"Love is all very well," he said, in answer to the pleadings of the tender couple, "but it is not sufficient to make the pot boil. I would not give fifty dollars for Vaughn's whole place, all rocks and stubble!"

There were weary months of such opposition. May loyally obedient to her father, but faithfully true at heart to Morris; and while affairs were in this condition, I married a missionary minister, and went with him to Burmah, where, after twenty years' exile, I was left a widow, and returned home.

. . . . . .

"You'll drive over to see May Vaughn?" my sister said when I was sufficiently rested for visiting.

"May Vaughn! Oh, Cousin May Willis. So she married Morris."

"Why, certainly! My letter with an account of the wedding must have been one of the many you lost. They have been married—let me see—seventeen years! Gracie is the image of her mother, and Harry looks like old Uncle Willis. There are five children, all well grown. The youngest must be seven or eight. But you will see for yourself."

"Where are they living?"

"On the Vaughn place."

So I prepared myself for a sight of the tumble-down house and rocky, starved-to-death farm I remembered well. My sister and I drove on, talking of the beauty and many perfections of the Vaughn children, till we stood at the gateway of a handsome stone fence, surrounding acre upon acre of land filled with the green beauties of July farm-yards.

In the midst of a flower garden rose a frame cottage, two storeys high, but very long and wide, surrounded by porches, over which hung climbing branches of roses and morning glories, woodbine, jessamine, and flowering vines in a mass of beauty.

"This is not the Vaughn place?" I said.

"Indeed it is," said a cheery voice, near me, and I turned to see Morris Vaughn coming down the road toward us; "it is the Vaughn place, and you are heartily welcome. Why, you haven't altered one mite! I should have known you anywhere!"

I could certainly return the compliment, for at forty-five Morris Vaughn was still as exceptionally handsome as he had been twenty years before.

And May who ran out at the sound of voices to welcome us was as comely a matron as could be found the world over. Old Mrs. Vaughn was dead, but a group of lads and lassies added their welcome to that of their parents.

"Well," Morris said, with his cheery laugh, as we gathered around a bountifully spread tea-table, "well, Cousin Mollie, as you say, the old place is changed. But it is twenty years since you saw it."

"True; but I remember it for twenty years before that."

"Yes, yes. You know that the old crones say that luck will turn in a third generation, and that accounts for it."

"Luck!" I said.

"Yes. I've been the luckiest man you ever heard of. First of all, May loved me. Then, as Cousin Mollie knows, your father opposed our marriage on the grounds of my poverty. Well, Mollie," turning again to me, "I just made up my mind if there was anything to be got out of this old place but weeds and thistles I would find it. All through the hardest winter we have had for years I dug at the stones and stubble, piling the rocks in a corner of the worst patch of land on the farm, and by the time spring came I had a few acres ready for a crop. We had starved and saved for the price of seed, and I hired a man to help me plow and plant. Well, Mollie, if you will believe me, I had the handsomest crop of corn and wheat in the village. Wasn't that luck?"

"It looks to me something like the reward of industry," I said, quietly.

"Not a bit of it. It was pure luck. I realized enough on that crop to hire men to help me to clear the rocks and stumps from the rest of the place and to give the ground a thorough turning over and laying down, so that by spring I had it all ready for seed. That year I did so well that Mr. Willis promised me my wife, if the third year was as successful."

"And it was?" I said.

"Far more so. I went to the city in the fall and procured some choice varieties of roots and seed, and made inquiries that resulted in buying an improved set of farming implements in the spring. And countryman as I was, I had the luck to obtain what I bargained for. That was luck!"

"Close scrutiny of the goods, sound judgment and a clear head being counted out," I said, gravely.

"Hoping now to bring a bride home, I employed my spare time in turning my heavy crop of rocks and stones into a fence, strongly cemented and well put together, that extends across the front of the farm, on each side of the gateway; and mother chippered up a bit, and helped me to put the old house in order. My ambition did not rise to the grandeur of a new house till May had been my wife for five years, and the farm was paying well. You see, I was very particular about my seed, and I took the best agricultural newspaper and studied it, so that everything I raised brought the highest market price, for my luck held on fast and firm."

"Still all luck!" I said.

"All luck! May had her dairy and poultry yard, and such luck as she had with butter, eggs and chickens you never heard of."

"That was all luck, too, Mollie," my sister said. "I have heard it said a hundred times that it did beat all, the luck May Vaughn had with chickens, geese and turkeys, and the way her butter always did turn out. You understand that she kept her dairy like a parlor, having everything sweet and fresh, fed her poultry on sweet, wholesome food, and guarded them carefully against all bad weather, had fresh water in plenty everywhere it was needed, and sorted her eggs herself. Of course, all this care was nothing, and the superiority of May's butter, eggs and poultry was all luck."

"We built our house very slowly," Morris said, "for we determined to have it substantial and comfortable, and I put my own leisure time into such parts of it as I understood, employing only skilled men for the rest, as I could pay them. For having cleared the place of debt I had had the luck to keep out of owing any man a penny since."

"That was luck, too?"

"Like the rest! For, Cousin Mollie, this is how the matter stands. For two generations, this place ran down steadily, the fortunes of the Vaughns declined gradually, and the owners, getting deeper and deeper in debt, stood by despondent and idle, watching ruin as it crept nearer and nearer their home. If a crop failed, they moaned, and took no pains to find the cause. If a rafter fell, it lay where it dropped, or was propped up by a makeshift. If the roof leaked, tubs were put to catch the water. If a fence decayed, it was left to drop apart. But it was ill-luck. Every since I could speak, I heard of the ill-luck of the Vaughns, and I grew to manhood under the doleful prophecy that I could never prosper because of the ill-luck of the family. When I was my own master, I resolved to put a spoke in this wheel of ill-luck that was rolling over the place, and I made it of industry, hope, perseverance and love, and the wheel turned for me and rolled out the unproductive acres into as good farm land as any about here. But ask any one in the village, any one that ever heard of a Vaughn, and they will tell you that 'it is curious how the luck turned when Morris took the place. Why, he has had a steady run of good luck, same as his father and grandfather had of bad luck.'" said Morris, looking at the blooming faces around his table, "hope to leave my children the same ingredients for the compounding of good luck that have made the prosperity of their parents."

And if the speech may sound a little self-vaunting and conceited, no one could blame Morris, looking at the proof of his assertion in his clear definition of one man's luck.

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A Stricken Career.

Tramp—Madam, a year ago I was a prosperous conductor on a popular railroad. Travel was good and I lived in luxury. Now, alas, am I fallen, and all through the base action of one of the directors.

Kind Lady—What did he do?

Tramp—He insisted upon taking my place.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Agreeable Discovery.

Wife—Hermann, dear, I really must go home and take the baths; I am getting too stout and too heavy. I have just had myself weighed, and only fancy, I am over four hundred pounds."

Husband (coal merchant)—Where did you get weighed?

Wife—In the coal yard on your scales.

Husband—Then don't alarm yourself. You only just weigh a little over half.

Perils of Travel.

"Now, that there bridge," said the tramp as he came to a halt beside the track, "look shaky. I don't believe it's safe after last night's storm. No, sir, I don't. Just see how the bank's washed away on the other side. 'Twant built right in the first place. The railroad company put it up cheap, I s'pose, with never a thought o' the peril to which they was subjectin' travelers. They'd ought to be laws to protect the travelin' public against the consequence of such criminal greed. To save a few paltry dollars, what do they put in jeopardy? Human life. Well," he continued, as he seated himself on a rock, "here comes the express an' I guess I'll sit here an' see how she makes out. If she goes over all right I guess I can."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Peculiar Kind of Nam.sake.

A well-known writer was telling a friend about some of her numerous godchildren who are scattered all over the country. They are of all ages and nationalities, but the most remarkable one is a little colored child in Washington.

When I went there one winter my washer woman told me she had named her new baby for me and asked if I wouldn't come and see it. So, armed with a large rattle as a propitiatory offering, I visited the baby. What was my surprise to hear the mother and all the children speak of her as "Genevieve!"

"Why," I said, "I thought you told me she was named for me!"

"Yes'm, so she shorely is."

"But my name is Harriet," I insisted, "and you call your baby 'Genevieve.'"

"Laws, mis'," exclaimed the mother, with a broad grin, "Genevieve 'scribes you so much better'n Harr'et does!"—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Too Much for Endurance.

American Citizen (indignantly)—See here, madam, I want you to see that that boy of yours sits down once in a while and reads the papers. I won't have such an ignoramus about the house. The idea of a boy of his age asking such idiotic questions.

Citizeness—Why, my dear, what has he been asking?

Citizen—The young numskull wanted to know if the "Hon." before a Congressman's name meant honest.—*New York Weekly.*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

The Pathetic Stop

Pastor (tremulously)—Last week, my dear friends, I stood by the bed-side of a poor fellow——

De Broke (aside)—Humph, that's nothing; I do that every night, myself, before I turn in.

A Peculiar Suit.

Johnson—I've been sued for breach of promise of marriage by a deaf-and-dumb girl, and I want to put in a general denial.

Lawyer—Did you ever propose marriage to her?

Johnson—Well, she insists that I did, in the sign language, but I didn't.

Lawyer—What were you doing when she claims you were making an offer of marriage

Johnson—I was talking to her about the weather, and in the midst of it I put my thumb out of joint, and before I could put it in again I may have made some signs that I didn't intend, and put my foot in it.—*Judge.*

A New Way to Look at It.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,"
The poet sings in plaintive rhyme.
Of course it is; for then you can
Make love again some other time.—*Life.*

Mrs. Brown—We're going to put you in long trousers.

Little Johnnie—Wait till after Christmas.

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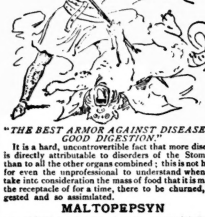

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Stimulate the Liver

and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.

During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth and I lost my appetite. My tongue was thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing my trouble to originate in a disordered liver, I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I felt an improvement after the operation of the first dose. I continued their use in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that these Pills have completely cured me.—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.

For a number of years I was troubled with Biliousness, which almost destroyed my health. This ailment commenced in Costiveness. Indigestion, Headache, and Dizziness soon followed. I became weak, emaciated, and totally unfitted for work of any kind. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. They cured me, speedily, and I now believe them to be the most reliable cathartic in use.—G. S. Wanderlich, Scranton, Pa.

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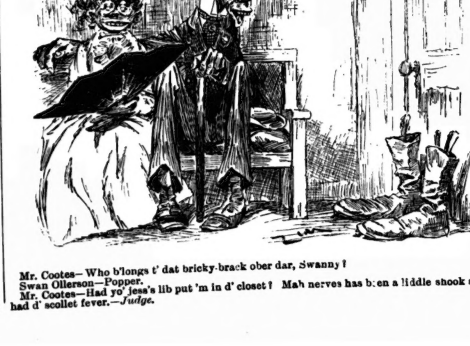

Mr. Cootes—Who b'longs t' dat bricky-brack ober dar, Swanny?

Swan Ollerson—Popper.

Mr. Cootes—Had yo' jess's lib put 'm in d' closet? Mah nerves has been a liddle shook sence I had d' scollet fever.—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

On Thursday of last week, an Advent Service of Song was held at the church of the Redeemer under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch, with Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli at the organ. The choir sang very well, the anthems and psalms being sung with care and taste. A new singer, now resident in Toronto was heard, Fran Dunbar-Morawetz, wife of Mr. Frederick Dunbar the Sculptor. This lady has a very rich contralto voice, excellently trained, and she sings with the true artistic taste. The sympathetic quality of her voice is very marked and she should be found a decided acquisition to the ranks of local soloists. Mr. Harold Jarvis sang several solos, the one in Hopkins' My God, Look Upon Me, receiving an especially sympathetic rendition. The solos of Misses Langstaff, Gaylord and Hackett and Mr. Schuch spoke well for the resources of the choir.

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On the same evening Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F.C.O. (Eng.), and organist of All Saints' church, gave an organ recital in the hall of the College of Music before a large audience. Mr. Fairclough chose his programme with judgment and care, and it showed him to be familiar with a large range of organ music. His playing is of the character which might be called quiet, but contains much latent power, which is at times brought into play with excellent effect. Vocal numbers, contributed by lady pupils of Mr. Haslam, added pleasure by contrast with the organ music. The ladies who took part were Mrs. Hutchinson, soprano, and Miss Bonsall, contralto, who sang some arias and a duet with good tone, phrasing and effect. In addition, young Master Arlidge sang Angels Ever Bright and Fair extremely well. He gave it in traditional style, with all its plain, pathetic beauty, and it was well suited to his beautiful voice.

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I was out of town Friday last, consequently was unable to attend the Cricketer's Concert. I hear, however, that it was an artistic success, which was creditable to all who took part. Mrs. Thomson was a splendid voice and gave really excellent renderings of Arditi's Daisy Polka, the Regnava aria from Lucia and Braga's Angel's Serenade, and an especially sympathetic singing of Home, Sweet Home. Similar excellence attended the efforts of the other performers, Messrs. B.L. Faeder, Franz Wagner, H. M. Boddy and the Toronto string quartette. Miss Maud Burdette was heard for the first time in two seasons, and was well received. She gave a very artistic rendition of Luce di Quest Anima, in which the great flexibility and fine quality of her voice were well displayed.

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On Monday evening the Epworth League, in connection with Trinity Methodist church, gave a concert in that edifice. A piano duet was excellently played by Mrs. Watson and Miss Eaton. Miss Minnie Gaylord, a young *debutante*, sang the Queen of the Night Waltz in excellent style. She has a clear, brilliant soprano voice of considerable compass and great flexibility, very sweet and carrying in quality. Miss Wasnington, B. E., gave several readings in a manner that showed her to be possessed of cleverness and spirit as an elocutionist. Mr. J. H. Cameron was very satisfactory in his performance of several readings and songs. Mr. W. Lester Mills gave an excellent rendering of Norman's Tower. The University Glee Club assisted and sang several choruses, winning warm applause.

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Another entertainment on Monday evening was the concert given at the New Richmond Methodist Church on McCaul street. In addition to Miss Eva Roblin, Mr. Alexander Gorrie and Mr. Fred Warrington, whose talents have already made them favorites in Toronto, the programme embraced the name of Mrs. Celeste V. Keltie who had not sung in Toronto for several years. This lady gave a very artistic reading of I Will Extol Thee from Costa's Eli. Her voice is full and rich in quality and wide in compass, and she excels in the rendition of fervid and pathetic music.

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On Tuesday evening the second concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was given at the Pavilion. Signor D'Auria now has his men well in hand, and favorable as was the hope held out at the first concert, the manifest improvement of the band shows that it has the elements of great excellence in its membership if the work is pursued with enthusiasm and persistence. The public appreciation, considered from the box-office standard, may not be all that is to be desired, but if improvement is constant, the orchestra is bound to win its way to general public approval, and perhaps to pecuniary reward sufficient to place the venture upon a satisfactory commercial basis. The programme on Tuesday evening was essentially a popular one, only one number being of a classical nature. This one was part of Beethoven's First Symphony, in the slow movement of which the band did not show at its best. The phrasing and thematic delivery is so generally distributed that all the principal instruments have their turns for elaborate performance and consequent criticism. The quick movement was much better in its rendition.

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Generally speaking, the improvement in the orchestra is very marked. The men understand Signor D'Auria better, and the continuous practice is benefitting all hands. The tone of the wind instruments is becoming rounder and assimilates better with the general scheme. The strings are very good, but I hope that means will be found, by the time the next concert comes before the public, to increase the strength of the first violins by at least two performers. This would do much to equalize the tone-quality. In attacks and accentuation the band now does exceedingly well, and the conductor has succeeded in producing piano effects without sacrificing intonation or certainty of movement. The first number on the programme, the Battle Hymn from Wagner's Rienzi is somewhat vulgar in conception, but is brilliant and showy, and was splendidly played.

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The overture to Le Caïd is a pretty and sparkling piece with quite a bit of Eastern coloring, and was accorded an excellent rendition. Similarly good was the playing of Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionette, which had to be repeated. Signor D'Auria's Fantasia on Rigoletto is a very clever bit of instrumentation and fanciful treatment, very rich in detail, especially in the manner in which the celebrated quartette is used. The solos by Messrs. O'Donell, Corlett, Fricker, Bayley, Andersen, and Clarke were excellently rendered. The G Minor Mendelssohn concerto for piano and orchestra was one of the most successful numbers of the evening. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp played the solo with great care and taste. He has a very artistic conception of the piece, and adds to this through technical ability and a sympathetic touch. His phrasing and general execution are extremely good, clearness and distinctness of tone and scheme being a distinguishing characteristic. Mr. E. W. Schuch was the vocalist of the evening and sang Infelice from Ernani and Norman's Tower very effectively, receiving a recall for the former number. Throughout the evening the audience showed its appreciation of the performance by hearty and prolonged applause.

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I have received two new publications, The Grape Vine Swing, a pretty song in a popular vein, by Mr. W. O. Forsyth, and published by A. & S. Nordheimer; and the Atlanti's March, a bright piano piece by Harry Gilbert, published by the Anglo Canadian Music Publishing Company.

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The Haslem Vocal Society gave its first concert on Thursday evening at the Pavilion too late for notice this week.

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Miss Georgina Sterling, formerly of Toronto, recently made her *debut* in Italy. The *Courier*, of Parma, in noticing her performance says: "Signorina Sterling has all the qualities of a great artist and sings admirably. She modulates her bright, clear, beautiful voice with perfect skill, and joins to her natural gifts the highest musical cultivation. The part of Zingarella could not have been better rendered, her faithful and intelligent interpretation of our greatest master was such as to bring into full light the beauties and difficulties of the score. This artist could not fail to receive a grand harvest of laurels, and awake the enthusiasm of a cultured and critical public." This young lady was formerly a pupil of Mr. Carl Martens in Toronto. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Madamoiselle Rhea has always been a drawing attraction in Toronto. This week at the Grand she has appeared again in the character of Josephine, which she first played here last season. At the time of its first presentation here I characterized this play as being deficient in contrasts, and repeated observation of it but confirms my first opinion. It moves along on an elevated but monotonous plane. It has all the wearisome pageantry of a state ceremony and from first to last we are never allowed to descend to a little bit of human pleasantry. Perhaps I may except the slight element of humor furnished by the Duke of Dantzic and the afflicted Mme. De Brissac, but even their feeble foolery has the same 'effect as an historian's joke. As for the Mephistopheleian smiles of Tallyrand they do not count. The monarchs of the olden time were possessed of wisdom when they kept a court fool. What a relief was the tinkle of his bells amid the ceremoniousness which surrounded thrones. The main elements of interest in Josephine are in the heroic self-sacrifice of the empress, and in the historic atmosphere of the play. The one is suberb in its magnanimity, the other is strong from the intensity of the feeling pertaining to the character of the Man of Destiny. I think, however, that the play in its elevation of sentiment goes over the heads of the majority of people. It is well put on, however, and presented by a strong company.

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It seems to me a pity that Rhea cannot play in better English. Some people affect to find her accent an immense charm. Those, I take it, are the people who go to the theater to admire Rhea as a beautiful woman, not as an artist. If Rhea is so wedded to her art, as she says she is, it is in the latter capacity she would prefer to be judged. It therefore requires no argument to prove that whatever distracts the attention from the emotions she is portraying by her actions and speech, just lessens so much the standard of her portrayal. How much of the spectator's attention is absorbed in endeavoring to understand what she is saying? A great deal in my case, and many others have, I know, the same difficulty. I do not know whether Rhea can speak better English than she does, but I think if she aspires to become a star of great magnitude on the English speaking stage, she should never cease striving to throw off the shackles of her native tongue. I do not consider that she has very much of the divine fire. But she has beauty and stateliness, a high ideal of her art, is certainly a close student and a most conscientious worker. With these she has accomplished much, but it would be an encouraging sign if she began to use the Queen's English with more facility and, in consequence, more force of expression. Mr. William Harris has improved his Napoleon. He has evidently left nothing undone whereby he could gain any information as to the habits and peculiarities of the little Corsican. Who does not recognize the portrait of Bonaparte on board the Bellerophon when Mr. Harris comes on with the ulster coat, throws his hands behind his back and looks darkly out from under his cocked hat. Mr. J. M. Francoeur's Tallyrand has not deteriorated any. It is one of the strongest features of the play. All the other characters are well taken. Mr. Cuyler Hastings, who is well known here, shows much power in his dual *role* of Junot and Rustan, the Mameluke. The Empire gowns and picturesque uniforms worn are sources of delight to the artistic eye. Rhea promises a new play for next season.

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All next week the famous romantic emotional actor, Mr. Robert Mantell, will play at the Grand Opera House. It is needless to extol to a Toronto public the merits of Mr. Mantell's work. He will appear this time in a repertoire of four plays which includes his new play, The Corsican Brothers, never presented here by him before, his familiar Monbars, and in Shakespeare's immortal characters, Hamlet and Othello. In the last character he has several times scored a great success here, and his Hamlet is said to be not inferior.

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Miss Jane Coombs and her company presented a repertoire at the Academy of Music this week. On Monday night an adaptation of Dickens' well-known novel, Bleak House, was presented. Bleak House makes a fairly strong play, although the adaptation is rather loose jointed in parts. Dickens' novels do not lend themselves readily to dramatization. Their interest is not of the dramatic quality. One does not, therefore, expect a great drama to be made from them, but there is always a possibility of an interesting one. Miss Coombs' Lady Dedlock seemed to me a careful and conscientious presentation of the character, but as the star was suffering from a heavy cold it was almost impossible to judge of her capacity with any degree of fairness. On Tuesday night Miss Coombs essayed the part of the familiar lady of the Camelias, but was too seriously handicapped by hoarseness to begin to do it justice. The supporting company is fair although somewhat too light for Camille.

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Mr. Percy Greene, of the Academy of Music, will manage Miss Jane Coomb's Canadian tour.

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There is a very good melodrama at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. It is called The Devil's Mine, and is written by Mr. Fred Darcy. It has many touches which makes it superior to the average play of this class. All the elements of sensation are supplied. There is the brave and romantic hero and the scoundrelly, but equally romantic villain. There is the faithful and funny band of men supporting the hero, and the band of crawling serpents who fulfil the mandates of his bad eminence, the villain. And the war wages merrily. The tragedy is relieved by plenty of song and dance and a number of striking pieces of scenery. Business has been brisk.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Boston journal says that Sol Smith Russell off the stage might be mistaken for a clergyman—never for an actor. He could hardly be mistaken for an actor, as he is one; but, perhaps, it is a hideous joke.

First Actor—I hear you've been across the continent with your company?

Second Actor—Yes; just returned.

"Have a successful trip?"

"Oh, a regular walk-over."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

George R. Sims, the witty Dagonet of the London *Referee*, has no reason to complain of the stagnation of the theatrical market—at least as it concerns the profitable output of the dramatist. He acknowledges having received during the last ten years—and for one of his plays alone—the enormous sum of $118 385, thus divided: London rights, $21,785; provinces, $33,600; American, $60,000; and Australia, $3,000.

Mr. William H. Crane proposes to make himself a stock-star also. Although arrangements have not yet been completed with Theodore Moss, it is Mr. Crane's desire to retain possession of the Star Theatre stage every season. His aim is to establish a theater somewhat similar to Toole's, where he can play during the fall and winter, and whence he can sally forth to play special engagements in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago in spring and summer.

The friends of Miss Julia Marlowe, says the *Mirror*, will rejoice over the news that she is on the high-road to recovery from her dangerous illness. The public, too, will welcome the gratifying intelligence, for it has sympathized with the sufferings of the woman and felt concern in the peril to the artist. Since Miss Anderson's withdrawal from the profession our stage has stood in need of a young and gifted actress to personate the heroines of Shakespeare's divine fancy, and in Miss Marlowe's youthful flights old heads have perceived the indications of a brilliant career.

In the course of an excellent address on the drama recently delivered by Mrs. Kendal before the Goethe Club, New York, she said: A complaint is constantly being made that the moral tone of the drama of the present day is not so high as it undoubtedly should be, but for this playgoers are to blame, for they run after notoriety, and notoriety alone. This may seem a strong accusation, but is it not true? When men and women have done wrong, and take to the stage, is it not a fact that (provided the wrong-doing has been made sufficiently public) brisk business may be expected at the booking office? This, I maintain, never was in the old days, and proves to-day the degradation of our stage. Some critics hold that men and women cannot properly act noble and virtuous characters unless they themselves have led spotless lives. I do not go so far as this, but I do maintain that it is pleasanter to think that when the curtain has fallen, and the actor or actress is at home, he or she leads, or is capable of leading, the same kind of life the representation of which has moved an audience to sympathetic tears—and certainly it can have no drawback, if, while admiring the artist, the playgoer can at the same time respect the man or woman. Surely then, it is more than a necessity that actors and actresses of every position who have the true interest of this noble art in view should make their lives an example to those with whom they are associated, and to those who are to come after them. By this means, and by this means only, can the theatrical profession expect to maintain its dignity and to secure the high position it should hold in the estimation of the public. It behooves actors and actresses of every degree, while cultivating their talents to elevate and amuse, to lead such lives that those who have regarded the stage with a suspicious eye will at last give it its proper place in the world of art. Thank goodness there are many such—indeed the larger majority—and as the years roll on and the drama gets more appreciated, let us hope the number will increase. Some people may tell you that it will not do to be too moral and virtuous—as one finds even that becomes a target for attack, but do not mind. Endure! for such attacks are chastening. I am nothing if not enthusiastic. My profession is ideal in its work. I would have it so, in its surroundings and with days to come, I feel it will be so. Let us only be firm and steadfast to that end. And as the world bows down and acknowledges Shakespeare to be the greatest man that ever lived, so should we endeavor in every way to make the world acknowledge that art of which he is master. Time will not allow me to say more. The drama has an interesting, nay, to some of us a fascinating past. It rests with those who make it a profession, and the ever-increasing public that supports it, to secure for it a useful, an elevating and a glorious future.

Art and Artists.

I had the pleasure last week of being invited to a private view of pictures at Mr. L. R. O'Brien's studio on College street. Mr. O'Brien spent the last summer in the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick and has succeeded in bringing back a collection of work which I think is ahead of anything he has yet produced. Since last year Mr. O'Brien has finished up a few English pictures from his sketches made on the spot the previous summer. One of these, called Out Into the Night, is, in my estimation, an excellent presentation of a poetic subject. It portrays a scene on the Devonshire coast. A procession of fishing boats is moving out of the bay, on the way to the fishing grounds to drop their nets at night. The sun has set and the darkness is stealing over the water, though the sky still glows with light. The peculiar charm of the still twilight is in this picture, and a suggestion of breezy clouds above induces thoughts of the treachery of the deep that now smiles so calmly. This, with a few charming rural scenes, complete the English pictures. In the Canadian pictures are a couple of paintings of the beautiful falls of the Montmorenci. This charming little fall lends itself splendidly to pictorial reproduction, and Mr. O'Brien has succeeded wonderfully in his treatment of this and also the Grand Falls of the St. John River, the rugged grandeur of which he has caught and fixed in a most effectively pictorial manner. This artist has realized the great possibilities for artistic representation in the great river of Canada, the St. Lawrence. The result this time is a number of landscapes, or rather watercolors, which present that body of water in all its majestic grandeur. A number of views of Murray Bay and vicinity complete the collection which is now being publicly exhibited. Mr. O'Brien's technical facility was never, I think, better shown than in these pictures. His coloring is accurate and, in most cases, crisp and pure.

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Mr. Charles M. Manley has returned to town this week after spending the summer in England.

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The death of Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm, R.A., on Friday of last week has removed from the ranks of British artists its greatest sculptor. Mr. Boehm's pre-eminent success set him head and shoulders above all his compeers. Boehm was an Austrian, but has resided and worked in England for almost thirty years. His chief works are a colossial statue of Queen Victoria, a statue of John Bunyan, a colossal equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales for Bombay, a statue of Thomas Carlyle, and one of King Leopold of Belgium. At the time of his death he was engaged on a bust of the Princess Louise.

Why She Couldn't Marry Him.

"But I can't marry you, Charlie," she said, sadly.

"Don't say that, darling? Oh, don't say that! Why can't you?"

"Because, Charlie, I'm neither a minister nor a magistrate and have no authority."

Then the soul of Charlie was quieted and a great light shone around him.

Changed His Mind.

"Oh, sir!" gasped a boy who ran up to a policeman on Gratiot avenue, "there is an awful fight going on over here on St. Aubin!"

"Who's fighting?"

"My father and another man."

"How long have they been at it?"

"Oh, half an hour."

"But why didn't you come before?"

"Why, because dad was getting the best of it all along up to ten minutes ago."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Could It

"I don't think this new color you have on your house is as warm as the old one."

"Well, how could it be? The old one has just had four new coats put on it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

How to Shorten a Sonnet.

Poet—What do you think of my sonnet?

Friend—One fault you ought to make it shorter.

Poet—How can a sonnet be made shorter?

Friend—Leave out a stanze.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Can't Stand Everything.

Dude (at the museum)—Think of it, old fel! It's been dead three thousand yeahs! If it could speak what do you think it would——

Mummy (with a leathery cough)—For Heaven's sake, blow that cigarette smoke the other way!

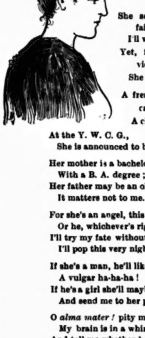
In a Texas School.

Small boy (holding up hand)—What's B. C., hitched onter them dates in Greek history, mean?

Teacher (a trifle confused)—Well-er, Sammie, you see them old Greeks were queer kind of creeters, so when they didn't know a date for sartin they put B. C., "'bout correct," arter the numbers.

The College Girl.

For Saturday Night.



I don't know whether he or she
Should be the pronoun used
In speaking of this college girl,
I seem a bit confused.

She seems to me a maiden fair,
I'll wed her, if I can,
Yet, from another point of view,
She is a,—well—a man.

A freshman now I hear her called,
A chairman, too, I see,
At the Y. W. C. G.,
She is announced to be.

Her mother is a bachelor,
With a B. A. degree;
Her father may be an old maid,
It matters not to me.

For she's an angel, this I know,
Or he, whichever's right,
I'll try my fate without delay,
I'll pop this very night.

If she's a man, he'll likely laugh
A vulgar ha-ha-ha!
If he's a girl she'll maybe blush,
And send me to her pa.

O *alma mater!* pity me,
My brain is in a whirl,
And tell me whether he or she
Describes this college girl.

J. SMILEY, M.A.

Life's Sunshine.

For Saturday Night.

In the deepest depths of your inmost heart
Bury your sadness and sing,
Sing out your joy and the hills will re-echo
The gladness your song will bring.

There's enough of care in this world of ours,
Thick grow the thorns, but scarce are life's flowers,
Help them to bloom with joy's sunshine and showers,
Bury your sadness and sing.

To the woe-burdened world give your happiest thoughts,
For many bowed down and rejected
Feel their burdens to lighten and pleasure to spring
From gladness in others reflected.

There is no place in this world below
For the man whose story is ever woe,
Let your face beam with smiles wherever you go,
Smiles for the poor and rejected.

In the deepest depths of your inmost heart
Then bury your grief and sing,
Sing out your joy and the hills will re-echo
The gladness your song will bring.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB. A. L. M.

My Lost Jean.

For Saturday Night.

She was a winsome lass, the maid I loved,
Her eye was like the star that shines at even,
Her voice fell soft, as dew-drops fall from Heaven,
The rose and lily to her cheek did cleave;
Such was the maid I loved.

But ah! words are as vain her charms to tell
As they would be were I to boldly stand
Upon old ocean's shore and there command
The ebbing tide stand still; or bolst'rous gale
To cease to crest the billows.

But fairest flower fadeth first. She vanished.
A spirit from Death's mystic awe bound legion
Hath borne her to that lone, unknown region
On which with joy or trembling we look out,
Borne the maid I loved.

And yet, tho' vanished is that form for ever,
Can I forget that kind, that noble heart?
Nay! Nay! My Jean and I can never part.
In spirit she is ever by my side,
Still she's the maid I love.

Some day the jewel-set gates of heaven will open
And she'll return to earth. My faithful guide,
She'll lead me safely o'er death's yawning tide.
Again united, ne'er to part we'll be,
I and my Jean, my love.

A. LEAVENWORTH.

The Minor Chords.

RONDEAU.

The minor chords. Ah, none so sweet!
Divinely eloquent they beat,
Faint pulses of the heart of Pan
From reedy shrines Æolian,
The shaggy satyr's lone retreat.

Somewhat of sounds that dulcet greet,
Like siren voices whose entreat
Laid old Ulysses, 'neath their ban.
The minor chords.

Wind whispers in the bending wheat,
Of liquid chant where waters meet;
All these and more, since time began,
Hold no such melody for man
As those dim tones wind soul replete,
The minor chords!

When the New Wears Off.

He was a youth, and she, a maid,
Both happy, young and gay,
They loved—and life to them was fair
As one continuous May.
The croakers saw this happiness,
And said, "Ah, love is blind;
You're happy now, but care will come,
When the new wears off, you'll find."

They married, and then their life grew rich
With calmer, riper joy;
They were as man and wife more fond
Than when as girl and boy.
Their "friends" could not endure the sight,
And said with worldly wit,
"It will not be so bright and fine
When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well, the new wore off of course,
And then, what did they find?
An oldness which was better far,
For Love is not so blind
As selfish Care; and loving hearts
New joys will always meet,
So, when the new wears off, they'll find
Old love the more complete.

Detroit Free Press.

In Old Age.

How gracefully the year grows old!
See, she has doffed and laid away
Her draperies of red and gold
To don the garb of brown and gray.

And yet, like some superb old dame,
The year sweeps on; and ermine rare
Fringes her sad-toned robes, and gems,
Like diamonds, deck her snow-white hair.

N. Y. Sun.

Noted People.

Doctor Garrett Anderson (a sister of Millicent Garrett Fawcett) declares that ladies of thirty, forty and fifty years of age would be greatly benefited if they would play at ball half an hour daily.

The Czar's personal bodyguard of private police consists of fifteen specially picked Cossacks, mature and tried men. These have to keep watch in the kitchen and private apartments.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has expressed a great liking for Seattle, Wash., and has purchased some property there, near Turwater Falls, which is said to be one of the most picturesque parts of the state.

Dr. Koch does not practice the "early to bed, early to rise" maxim. He goes to bed at midnight, a Berlin correspondent notes, and does not rise before nine in the morning, unless he has a special engagement to fulfill.

Another infant phenomenon in the musical way is Master Frank Harris Pool of Paris, Missouri, who, at the age of six years, is said to be an accomplished harpist, repeating on his harp any tune that he hears whistled, sung, or played on any instrument, his small fingers bringing forth a strong, true, and full tone.

Friedrich Wilhelm, the Crown Prince of Germany, is a handsome boy of seven, who is every inch a Hohenzollern. He wants his own way as much as any boy in the kingdom. He does not like music. He would much rather play horse or soldier, but it is his father's orders that he must learn to play the violin, and he dare not disobey.

Mrs. Ormiston C. Lant, in a recent lecture on The Women of the Day, pointed out the fact that there had been a waste of womanly examples of rare nobility and high intellectual power for the want of some one to chronicle them, and named as representative women worthy the highest praise possible to accord them Mrs. Josephine Butler, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Frances Willard, and the late Mrs. Booth.

The *Illustrated American* says: "Amelia E Barr, the clever and successful New England novelist, is in New York at present, where she proposes passing the winter. In spite of the sham, the glitter, the roar and unrest artists complain of so bitterly in Gotham, it is an interesting fact that they all drift toward this center. When once under the glamour of the big town's fascinations, it is rare enought they ever tear themselves away.

The Prince of Wales intends next season to introduce a reform in the dinner hour. The fashionable hour of dining has in recent years been getting later and later, and it is now generally half-past eight, and often nine o'clock. The Prince will, it is said, fix the hour for dinner at eight, and, of course, what the Prince does "society" in the exclusive sense will follow. In all probability in the ensuing season the hour for dinner will be eight or half-past seven o'clock.

Modern Society says of the Queen Regent of Holland: The new sovereign by proxy has seen enough private domestic troubles to have worn her as thin as a lath, had her temperament been other than a placid, easy-going sort, wishful to make the best of William III., even at his worst. The Princesses of Waldeck-Pyrmont reflect credit on their race and their originating by exemplary behavior under circumstances which would have made most women wish they had either stayed under the parental room or married somebody else.

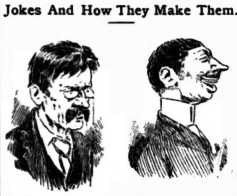
There is one Albany woman at least who can pursue literature at her ease, surrounded with a sort of Augustan luxury. This is Miss Grace Denis Litchfield. After spending a winter or two in Washington, she has concluded to make it her permanent home, and is now having a thirty-five thousand dollar house built there. It is on Massachusetts avenue, a little beyond Dupont Circle, where the superb Blaine house is a landmark. Miss Litchfield takes as much interest in her house as in her books, and looks forward to fitting it up with all the rare and beautiful things she has collected abroad. She expects to be under her own roof by the spring.

Mis Kate Marsden, the young English woman who is making the rounds of the hospitals for lepers, to qualify herself for work among those afflicted creatures, was lately invited to an audience by the Khedive of Egypt. Miss Marsden, having no baggage with her, made her appearance in an old black travelling gown, a black bonnet much the worse for wear, and a pair of heavy boots, made for tramping about Siberia, in which she was compelled to clump her way into the royal presence. But the well-bred hostess betrayed no consciousness of defects, made the dowdy young visitor warmly welcome, and promised her both sympathy and assistance.

George Washington Peck, who has been chosen the Democratic Governor of the State of Wisconsin at the recent elections, is a journalist and humorous writer. Twenty years ago he accompanied "Brick" Pomeroy to New York City when that gentleman founded *Pomeroy's Daily Democrat* there. After its collapse Mr. Peck settled at Milwaukee and started *Peck's Sun*, which has brought him a fortune. The first series of articles published in the *Sun* which secured his popularity were the "Bad Boy's Diary" papers, which have been reprinted in book form, and from the sale of which the author has realised $50,000.

Edison spends whole days and nights in his laboratory, eating little, musing, living in his head. These long sessions of abstraction must make a tremendous draught upon his strength. A friend called on him the other day and stayed with him in the laboratory until four a.m. Edison was busy constructing something, and talked unreservedly. "Are you not going home to-night?" the friend asked. "No; I shall curl up on one of the benches so as to be ready for work in the morning." Sometimes a workman, coming in at seven, finds the great man stretched out on his bench sleeping peacefully as a child, renewing the forces exhausted by long vigils. In such a case the workman always takes another bench; Edison is never awakened by any one. He is careless about his food. A visitor one day saw him eating some red herring and drinking great goblets of water. This was his lunch. He worked in the intervals of eating and drinking.

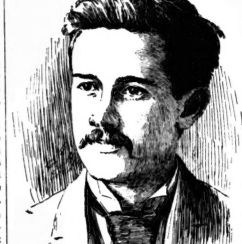
Jokes And How They Make Them.



THE MAN WHO WRITES THE JOKE — THE MAN WHO SLAPS YOU ON THE BACK AND TELLS THEM TO YOU.

One of the most distinctive and popular features of modern journalism and periodic literature is the number of witty, humorous, or satiric paragraphs published. Comic papers depend solely upon them, and short poems of a similar nature, either with or without illustration. Daily and weekly newspapers consume vast numbers, as they are especially fitted for relieving the solidity of heavier matter, and neatly filling up unoccupied corners of the printer's chases. Even some of the popular magazines use a page or two of witticisms now with good effect, and from these down to the humblest cross roads rag the little jokelet percolates till it falls, a chestnut, into the earth only to rise again for the edification of a succeeding generation. In this age, when the world is rushing on at a gallop, that which is concise and pithy "catches on." Hence the rise of the paragrapher, an essentially modern phase of literature. The humor, the satire, and the wit which long ago was given to the world in bulky volumes and slashing articles is now served up in tart, spicy dialogues, paragraphs or epigrams. In this way huge abuses are attacked and wrongs are corrected with more potency than by the powerful leader or the caustic review. The influence of the epigrammatic paragraph on public opinion is enormous. Where only the learned and the thoughtful are affected by serious argumentative writing the paragraph appeals to every rational being who can laugh at humor or feel the sting of sarcasm.

How many of those who read and laugh at those sparks from the flint stones of intellect ever wonder where all the anecdotes, jokes and epigrams come from! I remember before I became directly connected with journalism as a profession I never gave the matter more than a passing thought. I presumed, I suppose, that these witticisms which went floating around from paper to paper, were the united product of thousands of brainy newspaper writers, each of whom, whenever he had a happy thought jotted it down for his paper. If any of you have had the same idea, let me tell you that we were "away off." The great mass of this class of literature is produced by a few men who make a specialty of the work. It is not that the remainder of the army of writers do not have good humorous or witty ideas. Many of them have, but they neglect to fasten them down in this concentrated form and in this way millions of first-class jokes are daily going out into the darkness—of oblivion not ink. With a view to obtaining further information on this subject, I recently interviewed Mr. P. McArthur, a young Canadian, who has within the year achieved phenomenal



MR. P. M'ARTHUR.

success as a paragrapher in New York city, which is the chief center of this industry in America.

About two years ago I advised Mr. McArthur, who was at that time a student with literary aspirations at Toronto University, to consult Mr. J. W. Bengough, with a view to writing something for his paper. This was done with such a successful result that in a very short time Mr. McArthur became one of his chief contributors. The natural bent of his mind turned in the direction of paragraph writing. It was soon discovered that his airy fancies were not inclined to be playful, and the epigrammatic acrimony of some of his "batches" of jokes was such that Mr. Bengough one day said to him: "Mac, some of your jokes just set my teeth on edge." A New York editor, he told me, addressed a letter to him as "Mr. Pat McCarthy," for, as he said afterward, he could not conceive of a man bearing such a Scotchy name as a humorist. But if the Scottish character rarely shows a playful humor, it often shows facility for epigram and satire, and it is in this direction that Mr. McArthur's talent lies. Finding that his work was being widely quoted by outside journals, he began contributing successfully to New York comic papers, until finally he removed to that city.

"When I started writing paragraphs first, as you know," he replied, in answer to my inquiries about his work in New York, "I felt satisfied if I turned out half a dozen in a week. These were usually the fruits of something I had seen or heard. But latterly I have written as many as a hundred and twenty paragraphs in a day, and from twenty-five to fifty is an ordinary day's work. I do not depend so much now on what I see or hear for my ideas. I go upon the principle that every possible thought can be treated in a manner to make it humorous or pointed. I make a mental statement of any kind whatsoever and then think out a reply or comment which may be either humorous, absurd or satirical. This is how so many paragraphs assume the form of question, or assertion, and answer. I usually now sit down without a note or suggestion and turn out twenty-five before rising from my chair. Often the different phases of one subject furnish the material for a dozen paragraphs. Some joke writers try to imagine they see a pair of grotesque faces in the tracery of the wall paper or some article of furniture and make them talk to each other. More frequently, however, the writers utilize the objects they see in their rooms or the faces passing their windows to suggest ideas. I do not find anything like this necessary. I let my mind wander on, one idea suggests something else and I seek to give to each idea presented a grotesque or witty turn. I have my characters, though, into whose mouths I put different sentiments, and they are as real to me as any novelist's are to him or her."

I give a few samples from Mr. McArthur's productions, illustrating the general character of a joke writer's work:

LESSENS THEIR NUMBER.

Cynic—I am always happy when two fools marry.
Binnick—Why?
Cynic—Because they are made one.

THE CITY CHILD'S IDEA OF IT.

Teacher—How many of you can tell me something about grass? Well, Johnny, what do you know about it?
Johnny—Please, ma'am, it's something you've allus got to keep off'n.

The fact that the good die young saves the world from a great many insufferable prigs.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

Ethel—My papa always gives me a book as a birthday gift.
Maud—How nice! What a fine library you must have.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

Wife—John, did I hear you swearing?
Husband—I trust not. I didn't intend you to.

"THE GLORY AND THE NOTHING OF A NAME."

I met a poet once, a worthy man,
Who after years had won the fame he sought;
I wished him joy; he blushed and wrung my hand
And borrowed dollars from me on the spot.

"Paragraphs sell at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars and a half apiece. I send them to publishers in batches of from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty, each joke written on a small slip of paper. Out of these the editors accept what they consider suitable for their use—sometimes none, one, three, five, ten, or even more. They return the remainder and I immediately send them to another paper and so on until they have been all around. I have now made an arrangement whereby I submit all my paragraphs first to *Harpers'*. Their editor, when he has examined them, forwards them to another paper and in this way they are passed through four different offices. This may probably surprise writers who think that no editor will take what another editor has refused. Those that are left when all the editors have selected come back to me and I try to dispose of them to other papers until they have been all around."

The great mass of the paragraphing done in New York is the work of six or seven men. Each of these sells about a hundred a week, which is not by any means near the number he writes. Suggestions for comic illustrations, such as the one from Mr. McArthur's collection given above, is also an important part of the work done by paragraphers. Not many artists originate the comic ideas they illustrate. The work of the joker does not seem to conduce to light and airy habits of thought and speech. It demands toil as assiduous as any other kind of journalistic work. The "merry jesters" of to day are, with few exceptions, a sad lot. Their best talents are spent in a vocation which, though fascinating in itself, brings them neither fame nor happiness. Except in their immediate circle they are unknown and only the publication of their obituaries tell their names to the multitudes who have been amused by their writings.

As Mr. McArthur is a Canadian, well-known in Toronto, a brief sketch of his career will interest many. He is a native of Middlesex county, Ontario, and was educated in the public schools and at the collegiate institute in Strathroy. 'Varsity men will remember that his career at that institution was brief and warlike. His first work of importance was published in SATURDAY NIGHT, to which he has at different times contributed graceful and pleasing short poems; on the staff of the Toronto *Mail*, he did much forceful and faithful reportorial writing. In his brief journalistic career his work has appeared in the pages of SATURDAY NIGHT, *Grip*, *Detroit Free Press*, *N.Y. Sun*, *N.Y. Herald*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *Munsey's Weekly*, *Town Topics*, *Chatter*, *Drake's Magazine*, *The Epoch*, *N. Y. Racket*, *Harper's Bazar* and *Weekly*, and the editor's drawer of *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. McArthur is ambitious to do more serious writing. Of this he is quite capable, as is evidenced by his article in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* on Lumbering in Canada—an unexaggerated and well written account, by one who knows whereof he writes. VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

By the time the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have read the 'Varsity Chat of this week the happy family that has moved about with such activity during the past three months within the precincts of University College will be scattered far and wide. The railway men have been strongly reminded this week that the Christmas holidays, with all their variety of cheerful pleasures, are again upon us for they have had hundreds of extra trunks to check and handle with that care for which they are not noted. What a nuisance a trunk is! How we have to rush about the station and show our tickets! How often we have to answer the question "Whither bound?" We feel that we are again in the wide world, and as we seize the iron railing of the last car, as the locomotive steams out with its load of happy humanity, we breathe freely and begin to think of home; we have no thoughts of the many mis-spent hours of the autumn term We are bent on enjoyment and suffer not even the class lists to annoy us. We are going home. The pleasure of even the thought of how we will enjoy ourselves is sufficient for the time.

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Last week the Glee Club sang under the auspices of the Wesleyan Ladies' College of Hamilton. Some of the boys would not object to attending lectures in the Ambitious City if a college were established there in affiliation with 'Varsity. Tender is the heart of a student.

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Many of our comrades and graduates have recently been duly qualified as high school masters and will instil into the minds of the rising generation the principles of truth and freedom which they acquired at their *alma mater*. The strength and hope of our college rests on her sons and daughters. The public judge the University by the discipline of the army which she sends forth to do battle in the great cause of social and intellectual advancement.

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Mr. J. A. Mustard, B.A., '89, is teaching in Prince Albert, in the land of the buffalo and the savage of untutored mind. John has traveled far west in order to impress upon the minds of the young the beauties of the languages spoken by the old Romans and ancient Greeks. The howling of the prairie blizzard was never experienced by Demosthenes and Cicero. How eloquent they would have been in our western clime will forever remain a matter of conjecture.

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Those who assembled at the last meeting of the Literary Society decided by a majority vote that Commercial Union was not greatly to be desired, in fact such a policy was not to be encouraged. The boys do not believe in unions where love is absent, for they are not swayed solely by the jingling of the guinea. Honor is to them as precious as fine gold and they allow no occasion to pass without illustrating this fact.

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As I do not propose to follow the students to the ends of the earth during the holidays, I will have no chat for two weeks. In the meantime, good cheer go with you. DRAX ALEEN.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society

At the meeting of the society, last Saturday evening, when the president, who is always at his post, took the chair, there was not as large an attendance of members as the executive expected, taking into consideration the fact that two matters of vital interest to the society, and one of them of interest to the society's lady friends, were to be discussed, viz.: the At Home and the revision of the constitution.

Anticipating that these two important subjects would occupy a good deal of time, the committee had not prepared any regular programme, but two volunteers, Messrs. Kingston and Lee stood nobly in the breach. A comic song by the former, entitled The Sweet Rustic Maiden, touched the finer feelings of those of his hearers who had come from the country—and they were by no means few—and was greatly appreciated by his audience. Mr. Kingston is the more to be congratulated, from the fact that he was handicapped in not having an accompanist. Mr. W. T. J. Lee followed with a reading, A Scream from the American Eagle in Dakota; having a good voice and putting considerable expression into his rendition, especially when his selection is of a declamatory nature, it is always a pleasure to the society to hear him. Mr. Lee's forensic ability, by the way, is of no mean order, and he bids fair to be, in the not far distant future, one of the "hard hitters" of the Ontario Bar.

The business of the evening was then proceeded with. Fully appreciating the fact that it is high time for the society to be up and doing, and doubtless urged on by the coaxing accents of many a fair one, the members displayed a decent haste in getting down to business in the matter of the At Home.

I may say here for the benefit of our lady friends that there are two things which are assured, 1. That there will be an "At Home," 2. That it will be one worthy of being handed down to our successors as a precedent.

The president stated that the Benchers' had placed our petition for the use of Osgoode Hall in the hands of two of their committees, and that they would consider the matter finally in convocation on the 29th, and that he felt confident that their decision would be favorable; doubtless the jeopardy of their popularity with the fair sex, which is one of the largest of the very few holes in the armor with which these autocrats surround themselves, will have its weight in inducing them to grant this important concession; any little influence which may be brought to bear, in the meantime, by the lovely daughters of some of them will be duly appreciated by us, the students, in whose estimation "the daughter of a bencher" is as a "daughter of the gods" to the baser sort. The date is not yet fixed, but will probably be in the latter part of January.

The president appointed the following committee to perfect arrangements: The president and Messrs. W. E. Hunter, M. H. Ludwig, W. T. J. Lee, C. D. Scott, F. W. McLean, W. F. W. Creelman, W. Mulock, jr., N. P. Buckingham, A. Y. Blain, W. A. Lamport and D. R. Tate and, as a happy afterthought, Messrs. Nunn and Boland, the former of whom is specially fitted to take charge of the important part of the programme, and the latter's jolly face and ample figure, supported by his cultivated taste in such matters, eminently qualifies him to look after that other important matter, the refreshments.

The gentlemen of the law school, first year, are as jolly a lot of juveniles as ever studied their legal "A. B. C." We would suggest to them, however, that it is undignified to make such an alarming noise with their hob-nails whenever an enquiring student asks a question of the lecturer. We are decidedly of the opinion that if some of them would ask more questions and use their pedal extremities less, the happy result would be that their heads would develop in the future to as great an extent as their feet have done in the past.

I will deal with the revision of the constitution next week. LEX.

A Priceless Jewel.

At the matrimonial office.—"Then, madam, you intend to get married, and want me to procure you a wealthy match. But have you really no fortune by way of recommendation?"
"Alas! none whatever."
"Let me see, you have, for instance, a nose—"
"Sir, what do you mean by that silly joke?"
"I am not joking! Would you consent to have your nose cut off for $20,000.
"No!"
"Well, then I would say on your behalf that you possessed a jewel that you would not part with for $20,000.

She Got Square.

Girl in blue to ditto in green—Why did you make him haul all those goods from the top shelf if you haven't your pocket book along?
Girl in green—Why, the mean fellow was in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him, and I was bound to get even.

In Big Luck.

Miss Fanny—You seem to be in high feather, Mr. Snobberly.
Snobberly—Ah, Miss Fanny, I am in high spirits! I've had tremendous luck—almost found a four-leafed clovah, don't yer know. I found one with three leaves, bah jove!

No Use For It.

Goslin—I—aw—would like to give myself to you—aw—for a Christmas present, Miss Blanche.
Blanche—Thanks, awfully, but papa has given me a house and lot. So you see I have no use for a flat.

The Cause of the Row in Brady's.

Mrs. Neefy—Me daughter Rosie got a phropose from Danny Doogan, last night.
Mrs. Burns—She did?
Mrs. Neefy—She did.
Mrs. Burns—Sure Oi hadn't hear-rd that th' bye had lost his oye-sight.—*Judge.*

An Inclement Season.

Mrs. Ewe—Terrible weather, isn't it?
Mr. Ram—Awful. Everything's so damp I can't keep my horns curled.—*Judge.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEXT MORNING.

Next morning at Musgrave Towers no little excitement was occasioned by the news brought to the breakfast table by the master of the house.

Lord Mervyn had been found in a lonely cottage on Lord Doversfield's property, bleeding to death from a severe wound, and his servant lay stabbed to the heart only a few paces distant. They must have been decoyed thither—so the story ran—by some of the discontented persons who had long been grumbling at the references instituted by the viscount, and there set upon with results that bid fair immediately fatal in one case and might probably prove so in the other, for the viscount lay between life and death, and had lost so much blood that his recovery was considered most doubtful.

It could not be denied that Mr. Musgrave gave them particulars with something of relish in his tone, though there was a little latent uneasiness in his manner that his wife was quick to see.

For her own part she was very silent, and hardly ate anything. She looked pale and tired, as if she had slept but little; and, when Cedric's absence was commented upon she looked slightly uneasy, though she passed no remark upon it herself.

This, however, was nothing very remarkable. Cedric had been of late somewhat erratic in his ways, and did not always sleep at home, though he had done so pretty regularly of late, as he generally read his brother to sleep after the rest of the household was in bed. Last night he had not returned. Nobody had seen him since he had been dispatched to the chemist the previous evening. Probably the excitement of recent events had detained him. Even though he had quarreled with Lord Mervyn, he would still feel an interest in the occurrences that come to light.

But one of the greatest surprises of his life was to befall Mr. Musgrave at this juncture.

Breakfast was not yet over, when a stir made itself audible in the hall without; no one paid especial heed to this till the door was hurriedly opened by a frightened-looking servant, who looked in to say:

"Lord Doversfield, sir—I could not help it"

The last words were a m re whisper, for the earl s ood already in the doorway, and behind him were two figures that looked almost like constables, only that the idea was so preposterous.

Mr. Musgrave rose to his feet in a white heat of passion, but he was a little more self-restrained than usual on account of the feeling that his kinsman had already been well punished in the assault made upon his son, and also because he felt a very slight uneasiness lest his own share in the matter might be brought to light. It would not look well to hear that he had employed a paid agent to stir up Lord Doversfield's people against him.

So instead of flying out in one of his furies, he only asked, angrily:

"Sir, what is the meaning of this intrusion?"

Lord Doversfield drew himself up tall and straight. He looked aged even since the previous night. His fine old face was very pale, as if with anxiety and watching. His eyes looked as if they had not closed in sleep the previous night.

He looked round the room, and asked in his clear, distinct tones:

"Where is your eldest son?"

"My eldest son? Cedric? May I ask, first, by what right you put such a question?"

"You may, sir. I only hope you may be as innocent of collusion as you appear. I accuse your son—Cedric Musgrave—of being where I accuse him of the murder of William Adams, and of the attempted murder of my son, Lord Mervyn. I have come hither myself with these men of the law to arrest him in the Queen's name."

A bomb shell falling into that room could hardly have produced a greater shock. Marjorie turned perfectly white. Mrs. Musgrave became purple with passion and fear.

"What are you saying?" she shouted out with fear and fury. "My son a murderer! My son arrested! Take care what you are about, sir! I will indict you for defamation of character! What do you mean by it—forcing your way into my house to insult me at my own table? I'll have the law of you, for it, sir. I'll teach you that I am not to be outraged with impunity. If I did not think that your misfortune of last night had fairly turned your head I would fell you to the ground where you stand!" and he shook his fist actually in the earl's face.

Lord Doversfield never moved a muscle all this while, but stood perfectly erect, with folded arms and eyes ablaze. One of the constables now came forward and interposed between the gentlemen.

"It's no good going on like that with his lordship, sir," said the man, speaking very firmly; and we have orders to take Mr. Cedric Musgrave into custody, pending the coroner's inquest. If he can clear himself then, so and good; but appear he must, and we have come to see to it. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell us where he is?"

Mr. Musgrave turned from red to pale and from pale to red.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. "I never heard anything so preposterous in my life."

"If it is preposterous, sir, the young gentleman will be able to clear himself at the inquest. But we have proof that he was on the spot last night, and he must account for his presence there; so you'll be doing him best service by telling us where he is."

"He is not here."

"Not in the house. Then where is he?"

"I do not know."

"When did he leave home?"

"Yesterday afternoon. No one has seen him since."

Mrs. Musgrave here looked up to say:

"If they would wish to search the house or take any other steps put no obstacles in the way. The absurdity of the whole story will be best demonstrated by giving all possible assistance to the search. Cedric will in all probability be back himself before mid-day. He seldom stays away long when he has been out for the night."

"Is he frequently absent in this way?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Young men of independent habits do not care always to be under control of their dodgs. He comes and goes at will in this house. He will soon be here to speak for himself, and will, no doubt, be able to find an alibi. It is not in the least likely that he met Lord Mervyn where the crime was committed. At four o'clock he was in the drawing-room. He left is at my request to go to the village on an errand."

Lord Doversfield's face never moved from its stony calm. The officials asked to see Cedric's room, to which they were at once conducted. Nothing of importance, however, was found there; and the earl, who had made his way for the first time into his cousin's house with the desire of witnessing the arrest of his son's would be murderer, was forced to retire with his purpose unfulfilled; whilst Marjorie rushed to Jock in a perfect tempest of grief and terror. Suppose, for a moment, that Cedric had done it—or that he should be unable to prove that he had not done it! What would become of them? and what would become of her! Keith would never, never bear to look upon her face again, and she should die of a broken heart.

Lord Doversfield walked home with a heavy heart, his mind torn in twain between sorrow and anxiety for the son he so fondly loved, and a burning hatred against the man who had done this dastardly act. To inveigh him in this lonely spot by a letter which was addressed to him in memory of past friendship, and then to set upon his unarmed victim, having previously made away secretly and silently with the servant outside, was an act to make any honest man's blood boil in his veins. The old nobleman could hardly contain himself when he thought of it, and broken words escaped from him from time to time as he walked on.

The wildest excitement reigned everywhere. The search for Cedric was being prosecuted with the utmost zeal, though so far without the least success. Another strange thing had happened that same night. Dinah Bayes, the inn keeper's daughter, had been found early that morning lying in the woods as if in a fit. Her parents had not been uneasy about her, as there had been some talk of her spending the night at her grandmother's. She was now in a high fever, and Mr. Hunt, who had been called in to see her, declared that she had received a severe blow, whether from a fall or from direct violence he was unable to say. She was found with her head against a log of wood, as if she had fallen and stunned herself; but the surgeon was a little in doubt as to whether a fall could have produced the precise injury inflicted. At a time of so much horror and excitement the wildest story obtained credence, and there were many ready to declare that Dinah had seen something of the tragedy, and in flying to summon assistance had been knocked down by the same murderous hand that had worked so much mischief before.

Nothing seemed too wildly improbable to obtain hearing and credence at this juncture, and public opinion was running high against Cedric Musgrave. It was whispered about that some discoveries had been made that would tell heavily against him at the inquest, and everyone knew by this time of the quarrel with Lord Mervyn that had caused such excitement in some quarters not so very many days ago.

It certainly looked strange, this sudden and complete disappearance, and people shook their heads and muttered that they had always said there would be blackleg business at the rival houses sooner or later. Great excitement was felt as regards the approaching inquest, and there was also much suppressed exaggeration as to how whether Lord Mervyn would recover his senses in time for any deposition from him to be taken as evidence. Inquiries at the great house were so constant that bulletins were posted up at intervals upon the gates; but these were not of a very encouraging description, as no change had as yet taken place in his lordship's condition.

The earl on his return went straight upstairs. His daughter and Patricia were walking up and down in the softly carpeted corridor. The latter had come over to hear the last report, and had been detained a willing prisoner by her friend.

They hastened quickly up to Lord Doversfield.

"Well, papa—is he arrested?"

"No; he has not been at home all night. No one knows—or will say—where he is. He can be heard of nowhere. There is collusion somewhere—they are all banded together; but he shall not escape me—I will hunt him down!"

Mildred looked at Patricia.

"Can it be Cedric!—Oh, I cannot believe it! Mervyn was always so fond of him!"

It was well that the earl did not hear. Patricia shook her head warningly.

"We cannot tell, dear. It is a great mystery. Perhaps the inquest will clear it up."

"How is the boy?" asked the earl, abruptly.

"Just the same. Mr. Hunt has come. He and Keith are dressing his arm. It is a frightful wound; but it is the loss of blood that makes the danger, as to knock him down and leave him there to bleed to death! And Cedric of all men! Oh, I cannot believe he could do it!"

Lord Doversfield's face wore a look seldom seen there. It plainly betokened that he would have no mercy on the man who had done this thing. The fact that he belonged to the hated race of Musgrave made no difference; nor yet the fact that he loved the name of his own house. No consideration could make his anger more fierce nor yet turn him for a moment aside from his deliberate purpose.

He opened the door of his son's room, and as he did so Mildred started, for she fancied she heard her brother's voice, though if so it was pitched so low that it might well be the delusion of fancy. She trembled and held so tight to Patricia's arm that the latter was not altogether unwillingly forced to enter the room with her.

It was a pleasant, airy room, with a south aspect, and the sun glinted in cheerily, and was reflected back in plate glass mirror and polished mahogany. The sun poured through the window, and upon it lay Mervyn propped up by pillows, white as the linen itself, his very attitude betraying the extremity of exhaustion.

But for the first time since he had fallen unseen in the cottage last night, his eyes were open, or rather half-open, for it seemed as if the lids were too heavy to be lifted more than a little way, and when his father came forward and spoke to him, he answered by a flickering smile and a few murmured words such as he had addressed to Keith a few minutes before.

Those about him were greatly relieved at this change for the better, but in some uncertainty now to proceed next. It was of the utmost importance that his statement should be made prior to the inquest; yet it was absolutely impera tive that he should not be in any way excited. He was so fearfully weak from loss of blood that almost any rude breath might extinguish the flickering flame of life.

Mr. Hunt, the surgeon, was as much alive to both these points as anyone could be. He looked round the room, and his glance rested on Patricia. He had always felt a great respect and admiration for her ever since he had settled in the place, and had been made welcome at her house. Since her valuable assistance the previous evening, which had shown how much sound sense she possessed, his opinion had risen still higher. He now crossed over and whispered a little to her.

She listened intently, as one who receives a charge not willingly undertaken, yet which must be unflinchingly carried out. After a few sentences had passed between them, she took her seat beside the patient, while Mr. Hunt whispered something to Keith, who at once took out pencil and paper.

"A nice trick you played me last night, Mervyn," she said. "I kept tea waiting for you to an unheard of hour; but you never came."

He raised his eyelids a little more, and seemed to see her for the first time. He was plainly quite at sea as to recent events, but too weak to trouble his head about things.

"Do you remember coming to my house?"

"I think so."

"And you went on then to the cottage to keep an appointment, and somebody met you there!"

"Yes—Cedric."

"And he knocked you down—at least somebody did. Do you remember, Mervyn!"

"Yes—it was Cedric. What was it all about!"

"Can't you remember yourself!"

"He wanted me to do something—I forget what; and I refused. He rushed at me, and we wrestled together. That's all I remember. What is it! Where is Cedric? I should like to know what he did it for."

"We will find out all in time. You are sure it was Cedric? There was no one else!"

"No. Cedric knocked me down; but don't talk of it, Patricia—not till I feel better, at least. I'm in such a fog I can't remember anything. It may have been all an accident."

Mr. Hunt here made a sign that enough had been said, and indeed Mervyn's voice was so weak as to be almost inaudible. His eyes closed again in that trance of exhaustion that was something between unconsciousness and sleep, and Patricia rose, feeling that she would never have undertaken the task if she had known to what it would lead.

The surgeon made a sign that he wished the room cleared, in the hope that his patient might sleep.

Keith's face was very pale and set as he quietly walked out and placed his notes in the easel, remarking to his father in passing:

"It may not be evidence," he said; "he is weak enough to be delirious."

"There was nothing in the raving of delirium in that quiet statement," answered the earl, in a tone of quiet exultation that was almost deadliest in its intensity. "Cedric Musgrave is the author of this foul crime, and I will leave no stone unturned till I have brought him to justice. He shall pay for his treachery with the forfeit of his life."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest upon the body of poor William Adams was held in the little village inn, the proprietor of which was the father of Dinah Bayes.

The jury had previously visited the scene of the tragedy, and had viewed the body, and had passed certified to appear and assemble on the spot, with the important exception of Cedric Musgrave, who was nowhere to be found, and upon whom the darkest suspicion now rested.

Lord Doversfield was present, together with his son Keith and the surgeon, Mr. Hunt; and to the surprise of many, the pale, smooth face of Mr. Vansittart was also to be seen amongst the assembled crowd; but whether he had come as a witness or as a mere spectator was not generally known.

Intense excitement reigned throughout, which was not lessened as the formalities proceeded.

The large bar-room had been cleared, and was crowded with spectators; the police had some little difficulty in the first instance in keeping back the people, who pressed in to hear what was said.

Without going too minutely into proceedings, it may be well to give a digest of the facts elicited by coroner and jury.

William Adams was a groom in the employ of Lord Mervyn, and had always been much attached to his master. On the day in question he had been summoned by the viscount about three o clock in the afternoon, and told to meet him at a certain spot not far from where the tragedy occurred, at four o'clock the same afternoon. Deceased had an idea from his master's manner that there was some prospect of a duel, and was not greatly surprised to hear after all the mutterings and murmurings which he had heard, and he expressed his intention of going armed to the spot, as his master would probably not think of taking any precautions, and a pistol would do no harm even if not called into requisition.

A woodman passing home to his tea deposed that he had seen deceased and Lord Mervyn in confabulation together at the gate, shortly after four o'clock on the day of the tragedy.

What had occurred later was at present shrouded in a certain amount of mystery, but much light could be thrown upon the matter by the chain of evidence to be produced.

Lord Mervyn after speaking to deceased had gone to visit Mr. Richmond, a neighbor, on an appointment he had to keep. He evidently did not expect to be detained long, as he said he should probably return to tea. In his waistcoat's pocket was a letter from Mr. Musgrave—letter produced and handed to the coroner, who looked it through, and handed it to the jury.

The letter was written on ordinary writing paper, and ran as follows:

"LORD MERVYN,—After what has recently occurred between us, you will doubtless feel surprised at receiving any kind of communication from me; but it is necessary that I should see and speak to you privately, and that soon; and I therefore ask you, in remembrance of our former friendship, to meet me in the lonely woodland cottage, where we have occasionally met before, to discuss a question of vital importance to us both. I believe you will partially understand why I demanded this interview, and I think, as in honor bound, you will grant it. I shall be there, and I shall expect you.

"CEDRIC MUSGRAVE."

The letter and signature were shown to several witnesses, who all declared it their opinion that the handwriting was that of Cedric Musgrave.

Next, another point was brought forward. There had been a quarrel between these two young men not long ago, or rather, to be accurate, Mr. Cedric Musgrave had tried to fasten a quarrel upon Lord Mervyn, and it had been said at the time that matters would not end there. So far as was known they had not met since that time until they did so in the cottage.

Medical evidence proved that the cause of death was from the stab of a sharp-point'e knife similar to the one now placed in the coroner's hands, which had been driven into the heart by a single well planted blow from a person who knew what he was about, and struck. There could have been no struggle, and death must have been instantaneous. The surgeon was of opinion that the weapon which inflicted fatal injury upon deceased had been used to wound Lord Mervyn.

Mr. Vansittart was one of the witnesses called to identify the bloody knife found near to the cottage covered with blood. He gave his evidence with clearness, though with apparent reluctance. He had seen the knife in the hand of Mr. Cedric Musgrave on Christmas Eve, during the church festivities. He had declared that he always carried it with him, and had said rather significantly that weapons of offence and defence were common in olden day, and as he spoke he had looked pointedly at Lord Mervyn. Questioned as to the previous quarrel he had witnessed between the young men, Mr. Vansittart corroborated all that had been before said of the rancor shown by Mr. Cedric Musgrave, and did not deny, when asked by a juryman, that he had a suspicion of a private animosity between the two young men independent of the hostility of their respective houses. This question was not pushed, as it did not bear directly on the cause of Adams' death.

The jury testified to the sudden disappearance of Cedric Musgrave. The closest search after him had been made, but so far not a single clue had been found by which his movements could be traced, though a discovery of a suspicious nature had been made which might throw a certain light upon his disappearance.

It appeared that for some few weeks the young gentleman had rented the spare rooms of a widow in the village of Cedric Sands, where let lodgings to a single gentleman. He did not use these rooms very much, and his movements were always uncertain. He came and went at will; occasionally sleeping there, more often only calling in for a few hours in an afternoon, and leaving again at dusk, his landlady never understood his motive in all this, as he had a fine house of his own not far away; but as he paid the rent regularly and gave so little trouble she was glad enough to have him on his own terms; and the one charge he had given her was to be quite silent about him and his movements, as he did not want people to know of his whereabouts. He had spoken very frankly of his wish for secrecy, and had not seemed at all ashamed of himself; and until recent events had seemed to make it needful to speak out, the widow had kept his counsel religiously.

When, however, she had felt it her duty to say what she knew about the young murderer, she had informed the police of his occasional residence in her house. A search had been made in the rooms which he had occupied. The disguise was here produced, and consisted in a sailor's dress all but the hat, a red beard and a carroty wig.

A juror objected that as the disguise was there, the young man could not have escaped in it; but the question as to why he had a disguise in readiness was less easy to answer, and the constable surmised that it was possible he might have had another in his pocket, on the very night of the crime a tall, rough-looking fellow, quite a stranger to the place, had taken a ticket at the station for London, and one of the officials felt certain he had seen marks of blood upon his clothes, though he had not paid special attention to the fact at the time.

The height and build of this man corresponded, as far as could be gathered, with that of Cedric Musgrave, and as his face was covered with hair it was surmised (though all this was pure speculation) that it might be that gentleman in a disguise.

There was plenty of evidence forthcoming as to the rancor existing between the hostile houses, as well as the recent encounter between the young men, which had run so nearly appeared on the verge of a quarrel even before the scene at the billiard match of which mention had been made.

The coroner asked if Lord Mervyn had been able to make any deposition, and the paper was produced containing Patricia's questions and his answers. Mr. Hunt gave it as his opinion that the viscount, although exceedingly weak, was in full possession of his faculties when he answered those questions, although it ought to be taken into account that after such a severe loss of blood and such prolonged unconsciousness there was a certain danger of the faculties being confused on first awakening. Lord Mervyn had not had any idea that his words would be used as evidence, and it had been impossible to tell him what use might be made of them, as the smallest excitement was pronounced likely, in his present enfeebled state, to be dangerous.

All that had passed had been taken down in the presence of Lord Doversfield, a magistrate, and of Mr. Hunt and Miss Richmond, who had signed their names as witnesses.

The coroner was not over sorry had been elicited, adding that the jury must also take into consideration the fact pointed out by the medical man, that his lordship might not have been quite clear as to recent events in the state he was now in.

A little more evidence of an unimportant nature closed the inquiry, and the jury retired to deliberate, but the summing up of the coroner showed to all present how the case must turn. They soon came back in full the verdict all expected—"Wilful murder against Cedric Mus grave."

The verdict of the jury was received at Musgrave Towers with a thrill of absolute horror.

Cedric guilty of murder! Cedric a fugitive—an outcast flying from the pursuit of the law! Cedric to be a man in the treacherous way Adams had been stabbed, and then to set upon one who had been his friend and wound him savagely—an unarmed man—and leave him to bleed to death!

It did not seem possible. It was like some horrid nightmare. Mr. Musgrave stormed up and down the house, declaring it was all some vile plot made and concocted at Eagle's Crag, and that he would speak to the villains yet, whilst his wife, looking very pale and shocked, yet with more composure than the rest, declared that Cedric would shortly turn up to give account of himself, and that all would then be well.

Her own evidence at the inquest had been quite clear and satisfactory. She had said that been heard, as, according to her account, he did not go out to keep any appointment, but simply to do an errand for her. She could not prove, of course, that he might not have gone out even if she had not asked him: nor could she deny that he had been going out earlier in the day had he not been sent to stay at home. Still she had done her best to make out that there could have been no appointment on his mind, and that he was evidently quite unlike him to have got to the cottage at the hour named.

The letter, however, in the viscount's pocket had done away with much of her confidence. She had been forced to acknowledge it as his handwriting, and then, if innocent, why did he hide away!

"Yes, why did he not come back!"

That was the question on everyone's lips. He must by this time have seen the papers the crime that had been committed, and know that the longer he kept out of the way the worse it would be for him. It was meant to be a fugitive and an outcast all the days of his life he must come forward and clear himself of the charge.

Marjorie was almost in a fever all that long, weary day: and Jock was in such a tempest of indignant excitement that his recovery was decidedly retarded.

"If I'd been there—if I'd been able to go—I'd have found out something. They are all sleepy those local police—and there is bribery and collusion somewhere. Cedric indeed! It's preposterous!"

"Where can he be! Where can he be!" cried Marjorie, wringing her hands in distress. "Oh, Jock, why didn't he come back?"

"I can't guess, Madge—I can't guess; unless the wretches have made away with him also. They would be quite capable of it."

"But why did he get out of that woman's! Why did he have a disguise there? Oh, Jock, I'm so miserable. I don't know what to do!"

"But he didn't go to the cottage, and he didn't use his disguise; so I don't see that that has anything to do with it."

"But she said he might have slipped in at dusk by the window—he often did; and those horrid policemen declare he might have had another disguise in his room. Oh, they are league together against him! And now if he reads those horrid reports perhaps he will be afraid to come back. He may be afraid he will not be able to clear himself."

"He'll come back if he has any sense; but you say Lord Mervyn said he was there."

Marjorie wrung her hands together in a paroxysm of distress.

"Oh, how could he say so! How could he, even if it were true, which it isn't! His friend—for Cedric was his friend—to go and try to put a rope round his neck! How could he!"

"I expect he's sorry for it. Too ill to have the least idea of the bearing of his own words."

"Then it's wicked of them to make him speak—to take an advantage of him. Poor Cedric! Cedric!" and in her heart the cry was "Keith! Keith!" for if her brother was a target for misunderstanding and for such an accusation, how could any honest man—least of all Mervyn's brother—ask her to be his wife!

"And Jock, if Cedric comes back, what will happen then?"

"I suppose he will be tried at the next assizes." Marjorie shuddered.

"But if he can prove he was somewhere else at the time!"

"I don't know how that would be. I suppose it would be proved at the trial; but you know he cannot have been far away. He had left the chemist's shop and must likely gone for a walk. It is much more likely than not, if he didn't go to the wood, that he went some lonely road, and very likely never met a soul who could be called to prove an alibi."

"Oh, Jock! and will they—hang him!" the voice sank to a mere whisper.

"They will if the jury again returns a verdict of wilful murder."

Marjorie started up and paced the room with hasty, uneven steps.

"Oh, Jock! Oh, Jock! I can't bear it! The shame—the disgrace. No one will ever look at us or speak to us again. And it all comes of that hateful feud! If it were not for that, everyone would know how utterly ridiculous it is to think that Cedric would do such a thing," and Marjorie, in the overwrought state of tension in which she now was, burst into tears and sobbed as if her heart would break. Life to her looked crushed but absolute desolation.

She rushed down into the garden for a breath of air, feeling that the house would choke her. A sharp little lad, son of one of the cottagers, was lingering about near; when he saw her, he went up and pushed a piece of paper into her hand, and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Marjorie's heart beat fast. Could it be a word from Cedric? But when she saw the writing a thrill of eager joy ran through her.

"Keep up your heart, my dearest love. I have said I will hold you against all the world, and I will. Nothing will m k me believe that Cedric is what the world says. Let us make the clearing of his name our opportunity, and if anything will be able to raise his terrible fend and give us to each other, that will. Keep up heart. Some day I will see you and tell you more, suspect foul play, and mean to run the fox to earth. Always yours, KEITH."

(To be Continued.)

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Evidently nobody had been disturbed by the noise of the falling glass, for all was quiet in the upper story when Violet reached the foot of the scuttle stairs.

She groped her way around to the head of the next flight, and cautiously descended them. Upon reaching the bottom, she caught sight of a streak of light shining through a crack beneath a door just in front of her.

That her to suppose there was a room beyond, and doubtless there was some one in it. She felt that she would have to be very cautious in her movements, or she would be detected, and her aim was to make her way straight to the street door, and get out without being any one.

Very softly she felt all about her, but could find no stair railing, as in the house from which she had just fled. She seemed to be inclosed in a small space, the only outlet to which was the door below which she could see the light streaming, or the stairs behind her, and she at once surmised that this house was divided into two tenements and so arranged that no one could get into the attic who did not belong in this portion of the house.

What should she do in this unforeseen emergency?

She must get out some way, for she could not stay there all night, and she was liable to be discovered at any moment.

She thought of going back through the scuttle and trying some other; but if the houses were all arranged like this, she would be no better off. She approached the door and listened; but she could hear no sound within the lighted room. Perhaps it was only a hall, after all, and she had only to boldly push her way on, in order to quickly get out of her difficulty.

She felt for the handle of the door—found it—turned it.

This door yielded. She pushed it open a little way, and saw a poorly furnished chamber beyond. There was no carpet on the floor—only a rug or two. A scant fire was burning in a small stove. In one corner there was quite a comfortable looking bed, upon which there lay the form of a woman—or at least Violet judged so from the cap which covered the head upon the pillow.

A small table stood beside it, upon which there was a lamp, a cup, and some vials containing medicine.

There was also another table opposite, and this, with two ordinary chairs and a rocker, completed the furnishing of the room.

There was another door opposite the one through which Violet was looking, and she was sure that it must lead out to another stairway, while it was evident that she could escape no other way.

The occupant of the bed appeared to be sleeping, and the young girl wondered if it would be possible for her to cross the room and get out without waking her. It would be a hazardous attempt, but she must make it.

She pushed the door a little farther—it creaked sharply upon its hinges, and Violet's heart leaped into her throat with sudden fear.

The sleeper did not stir, however, and, after a moment, Violet stepped inside the room, closed the door behind her without making a sound, and then glided noiselessly toward the one opposite.

She had just reached it, and was about to open it, when the woman upon the bed suddenly turned over and opened her eyes.

She saw the intruder instantly, stared at her in blank wonder for a moment, then she threw up her arms, with a shriek, followed by the wild cry of "Violet!" then all was still.

The woman upon the bed was Mrs. Mencke—Violet had recognized her instantly, and stood spell bound with amazement—and she had fainted from fright, believing her sister had appeared to her as a spirit.

That cry unlocked Violet's stupefied senses.

"Belle!" she cried rushing to her side and grasping her cold hands in hers, while a feeling of horror and dismay overwhelmed her at finding her sister living in such apparent poverty, and ill besides.

All thought of self or of past injuries was swept out of sight in view of her wretched condition, and, hastily throwing off her cap and ulster, she at once set herself at work to do what she could for her restoration and comfort.

Mrs. Mencke was not long in returning to consciousness; but the wild look of fear returned to her eyes when she again opened them and they rested upon her sister, and the young girl knew that she still believed her to be an apparition.

"Violet!" breathed the woman, in an awestricken, scarcely audible tone.

"Yes, Belle, I am Violet," she said, smiling reassuringly. "Don't look so frightened. I know that you have long believed me to be dead, but it was all a dreadful mistake. See!" she continued, clasping her hands again; "is not this hand good, substantial flesh? No spirit ever had such warm, strong fingers as these."

Mrs. Mencke shivered and drew away from her.

"No, you cannot be Violet," she said, in a hollow voice, a half-dazed look still on her face, "though you have her face and voice and ways, for she was drowned—the fishermen and Lord Cameron found her body and buried it at Mentone, and—"

"It was not my body, Belle," Violet interrupted, anxious to set her sister's mind at rest, "but that of a poor peasant girl with whom I exchanged clothing so that I could more easily escape detection. Now be sensible, Belle, and don't look so dreadfully frightened. I am going to sit right down here beside you and tell you all about my running away."

"It can't be possible!" reiterated Mrs. Mencke, but her blank look was beginning to give place to one of credulity, and her natural color to return to cheek and lips.

"Indeed it is possible and true," Violet persisted, "and I will prove it to you. I couldn't marry Lord Cameron, Belle, for I did not love him. I knew I should make him miserable and be very unhappy myself, so I ran away at the last moment to save him as well as myself. I was so afraid that you would trace me I made this peasant girl let me have her costume for mine, and she must have fallen from the cliff after leaving me—it could have been no one else."

Violet then went on to tell her of all that had occurred since, until she finally succeeded in proving to her that she was indeed the sister whom she believed she had left lying in the church yard at Mentone.

"Well it seems very wonderful," she said, when Violet concluded the story of her flight and return to America. "I can hardly believe that I am not dreaming after all. But where have you been since your return, and what have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been living here in New York and teaching a little blind girl," Violet told her.

"How well you are looking," said Mrs. Mencke, thinking that she had grown prettier than ever. "No one would imagine that you missed your money at all, nor the luxuries to which you have always been accustomed. Oh, it is dreadful to be poor!" and the unhappy woman looked around her poverty-stricken room with a groan of anguish.

"Yes, it must be hard to be poor and sick, too, Belle," Violet said, in a tone of sympathy, for she could not treasure unkind feelings against her sister in her present condition. "But," she added, brightly, "as for me, I have not minded it much. I have rather enjoyed my work and the feeling of independence it has brought with it. I have begun to realize that I can be of some use in the world, instead of the idle, inefficient girl that I used to be. I will never lead such a life again—if I should ever be rich again, so that I shall not need to do anything for myself, I will work for others." But how does it happen, Belle, that I find you in such a woful strait? Have you been sick long?"

"No; I am not really sick. I have only a heavy cold, and went directly to bed after taking an early supper. "But," with a moan, "I never thought I should come to this—to think that a Huntington should ever have to live in such a place and from hand to mouth, as I have had to do of late. Violet, it is dreadful!" and she began to wring her hands and sob in a heart-broken way that touched her companion deeply.

"Hush, Belle," she said, kindly. "If you have suffered you shall suffer no longer. I have money, and," remembering the letter which Wilhelm Mencke had dropped, "I shall probably have a good deal more soon. I have me how you came to be so very poor, and all about yourself."

She did not think it best just then to say anything about her husband or to tell her that she knew aught regarding his movements.

"Well, to begin with," Mrs. Mencke replied, and assuming a morbid, complaining tone, "you can imagine that it was a terrible disappointment and shock to me to have things turn out as they did after I had gone to Italy and followed after you ran away—you know, I suppose—don't you know—"

"Do I not know what, Belle?" Violet inquired, wondering what made her stammer so, and regard her so strangely.

Mrs. Mencke had been upon the point of saying something about Wallace's sudden appearance at Mentone, when it occurred to her that Violet had not mentioned him in her relating her experiences since her flight, and possibly she might not know, even now, that he was living. If she did not already know how she had been deceived regarding his supposed death, the woman thought that there would be no need of confessing her share in the deception just at present.

"Of course you must know," she answered, recovering herself, "that Lord Cameron would blame me for what occurred, and I should infer from that I knew how you shrank from the marriage, and resented it because I kept the fact from him, so of course there were hard feelings and an estrangement. Wilhelm and I spent the remainder of the summer in Switzerland, returning to London in the fall. Wilhelm had been getting into bad habits ever since we began to travel—and even before we left home, I imagine, if the truth were known; but after that *denouement* at Mentone he drank more deeply than ever, and gambled constantly. Of course our money melted away like ice in midsummer, and one night he burst in upon me saying that our last dollar was gone. You can imagine what followed. I was furious, and said a great deal that I should not have said in calmer moments, and he suddenly absconded taking with him all your jewelry, and—we never saw him more.

"Way, Belle, did he dare do that?" Violet cried indignantly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mencke, "I expect he was half-crazed from his ill-luck and drink, and not having any money, or at least not very much, he did not know what else to do. Fortunately I had enough to pay my bills and bring me back to America, and I returned almost immediately. Of course I would not go to Cincinnati where we had always been as the top of the ladder, and so I concluded to bury myself here where no one knew me. I sold a piece or two of my jewelry, hired a room and furnished it, then tried to get something to do to support myself, but I was not used to work. I tried sewing and just managed to get along, when I took a sudden cold, had rheumatic fever, and was laid up for weeks. I could not do very much for a long time after that; my funds became low, I had to leave my comfortable room, and was finally reduced to this. I have lived here for several months, and have managed to get enough to eat by making lace—that German lace that mamma taught us how to make when we were children—but it has been hard work, and the shame of it has nearly killed me."

Violet well knew that her sister's proud spirit must have suffered tortures over her downfall, and she felt a deep pity for her.

"But, Belle, you had lots of diamonds they were worth a small fortune. Could you not have sold them, and lived better than this?" she asked.

"Sold my diamonds!" exclaimed the woman aghast. "No, indeed; they were all that I had left, except my clothes of better days, and I would have lived upon a crust before I would have parted with them."

"But they surely could have been of no earthly use to you in your present condition," said Violet, thinking that bread was better than stones when a person was hungry.

"I know it, but I love them, and I will never part with them; something may yet happen to restore me to my former position. Oh, Violet, if you had only been sensible—if you had not fallen in love with that miserable carpenter, you could have married Lord Cameron, and all this trouble need never have come upon us," she wailed in conclusion.

Violet flushed. She thought it was very hard and unjust that she should be blamed for what could not have been the result of any fault of hers.

"Hush, Belle," she said, keen pain in her tone. "I loved Wallace—I love him still, even though he is gone, and I never could become the wife of any man while his image filled my heart. You should not blame me for our misfortunes, when I have had nothing to do with them."

"She does not dream that he is living," Mrs. Mencke said to herself, and then, while she was revolving in her mind whether it would be best to undeceive her, Violet changed the subject by asking:

"Have you never heard anything from Wilhelm since he left you in London?"

"No, and I don't think I ever wish to," the woman replied, a frown settling upon her brow. "He behaved so abominably to me those last few months and had got to be such a gambler and spendthrift that I believe I am better off away from him. I imagine that you do not care very much about seeing him again, for he has spent all your money as well as mine."

"No," Violet returned, flushing, "I do not think that I care to meet him."

"I cannot understand how you happened to find me out," Mrs. Mencke suddenly remarked, "and you came in by the door leading from the attic, too; how could that be possible when everybody has to pass through this room to get up there."

Violet had been wondering how she should explain her presence there, and now could not think that she could give no reason but the real one, and so she resolved to tell her sister the whole truth.

She saw that she was feeling very bitterly toward her husband on account of his treatment of her, and so she believed she would sympathize with her if she should tell her how she had recently been abducted and kept a prisoner.

"Why don't you answer me, Violet?" Mrs. Mencke demanded. "It is the strangest thing in the world, and now I think of it you looked as if you were trying to get out at the other door without my seeing you. I hired this room and the attic because they were cut off from the rest of the house; my trunks and all my fine clothes are up there so no one can get at them without my knowing it."

"Well, Belle, if you must know, I came in through the skylight," Violet said, seeing she must confess.

"Through the skylight? Good gracious! how could you do that? Isn't it fastened?" exclaimed her sister, in alarm.

"Yes, but I broke a pane of glass and unfastened it."

"But how came you up there on the roof?"

"I came out of another house at the end of the block—in fact, Belle, I have been locked up in one of the houses at the beginning of the block for the last three or four weeks, but succeeded in getting away to day by walking over the roofs, and, as it happened, stumbled upon you here."

"What can you mean?" cried Mrs. Mencke, sitting erect and regarding Violet with amazement. "You have been locked up for three or four weeks, and in this part of the city? Who locked you up?"

"Wilhelm," said Violet, thinking it best to come to the point at once.

"What!"

"Yes, your husband—Wilhelm Mencke."

"Mercy! is he here in New York?" panted the astonished woman growing pale at the announcement.

"Yes, and has been for many months—I first met him on the street one day last spring."

"How did he look?—as if he was prosperous?" his wife questioned, eagerly.

"Not very—he asked me for money," said Violet.

"Faugh!" returned Mrs. Mencke, with an expression of disgust. "I hope you didn't give him any."

"Yes, a little. I hadn't the heart to refuse him as long as I had it."

"Well, I wouldn't have given him a dime, after the bad speech he made to you, and all for you," was the spirited retort. "But," returning to the former subject, "what did he look after you for?"

Violet related how she had been kidnapped, and her sister listened to the recital with wonderful interest.

"What could have been his object?" she questioned, when Violet concluded.

"He tried to make me think that it was for the reward that would be offered for me; but I have learned since that he had another object," she replied.

"Of course he had—Wilhelm is a schemer," said his wife, "but what was it?"

Violet then told her about the paper that he had tried to make her sign, and of the letter which she had found and read later.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mencke, with considerable excitement, "so Jonas Huntington has turned up at last, and with a fortune too! I have always thought it was very singular that we never heard anything about him, and he has left all his money to you," she concluded with evident jealousy, a sneer curling her proud lip.

"I have told you all that I know about the matter, Belle," Violet answered, flushing at her sister's manner. "The letter simply spoke of the property that Jonas Huntington had left to Miss Violet Huntington, and stated that since I was not living, you were next of kin and Wilhelm could not claim the money, as it was evident he had tried to do, unless he could prove that you were also dead."

"I should think that Uncle Jonas might have divided it between us," Mrs. Mencke remarked resentfully.

"You know that he named me, Belle, so I suppose that was his reason for his leaving it to me and it may not be very much after all. But you shall not want anything; as soon as you get over this cold we will go to Cincinnati together—I will prove myself the heir and then you shall have a comfortable home," Violet returned, kindly and generously.

"All the same I think it was mean in Uncle Jonas to leave everything to you," was the cold and unappreciative reply, and then she appeared to sink into a disagreeable reverie.

A few moments later there came a knock on the door.

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Mencke, with a startled look. "I dont want any one to see you here. Violet—run back into the attic stair-way while I go to the door."

Violet could not understand the need of so much secrecy, for of course she had a perfect right to visit her sister if she was disposed; but she silently obeyed the command while Mrs. Mencke hastily slipped on a wrapper and then went to see who had knocked.

It proved to be only the woman who lived below and who occasionally brought her up a newspaper to read, when she was fortunate enough to have one herself.

Mrs. Mencke took the paper and thanked her; then closing the door again, carefully locked it, after which she called Violet from her place of concealment.

(To be Continued.)

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To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondents Column" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

Bar.—See Nan.

Lell.—See Sissy.

Viola.—See Cardinal.

C. H. J.—Generosity, determination, ambition and self-esteem.

Cardinal.—You are merry, frank, rather orderly and ambitious.

Little Tycoon.—This writing indicates self-esteem, resolution, some pretension and energy.

Cleopatra.—This writing shows vivacity, somewhat capricious temper, self-will and impulse.

Nay, Wetland.—You are rather indecisive, just, very candid, deliberate, a little self-b and too reserved.

E. A. J.—You are orderly, just, sensitive, unostentatious, firm and affectionate. Many thanks for the kind words.

Kitty.—This writing shows slowness of thought and movement, sincerity, determination and some ambition.

Darling.—You are very careless, rather long in manner and speech, of sorewhat hasty temper and very selfwilled.

Emma, Belleville.—You are brisk in manner and speech, rather original, independent, happy-hearted and self-willed.

Bessie.—You are vivacious, very ambitious, resolute, rather self-sh, a little inclined to be ostentatious, and impulsive.

Barney.—This writing indicates order, energy, some vanity, originality and considerable independence of thought.

Canoba, Niagara-on-the-Lake.—You are rather methodical, kind-hearted, very self-reliant, ambitious, candid and rather self-sh.

Edwin P.—You are very ambitious, but rather vain and a little too indo lavie. Tenderness and sensitiveness are strongly marked.

Jennie, Milbanke.—You are energetic, hasty of temper, quick of thought, persevering, wilful and fond of the good opinions of your friends.

Annie Laurie.—Am glad to hear from you again. The enclosed shows decision, humility, generosity, much tenderness, tact and kindliness.

E. L. S.—This writing indicates dexterity, impulse, vivacity, a strong will and too little caution. There is much merriment and kindness of heart besides.

J. F., Ottawa.—There was no necessity for the enclosure. The writing shows determination, order, moodiness of temperament, energy, an unostentatious nature, decision and tenderness.

Eloraine.—I am truly glad that your friend's delineation was thought correct. In this I see precision, amiability, a frank, kindly and unostentatious nature, with much resolution and quiet dignity.

Alwilda.—Do not wear tight clothing, and warm your feet by applying heat, or better still cold water and friction before retiring. You are, I think candid, gentle in manner, unselfish but woefully careless.

Jessamine.—This writing would show you to be courageous, rather self-willed, self-reliant and affectionate. If the bangles are dainty ones, you can wear them with perfect propriety, but don't load down your arms with them.

Proud Slidgreenew.—The girl's face indicates musical ability, impulse, tenderness, earnestness, humility, decision and candor. The young man is probably shrewd, possessed of tact, of a cheerful disposition, original, active, generous and determined.

Mabel's Brother, Bradford.—Are you really her brother? I hoey not. Many thanks for your generous offer of being correct in her case. Will you send me word if I am as nearly right with yours? I should say that you are determined, self-reliant, very affectionate, orderly, unostentatious and possessed of much tact.

Elgin.—I hope the pendulum is correct, but it was so illegibly written that I could not for a long time decide upon a name to call you by. The page is informing, wary, thoughtful and Milton, and I do not feel like criticising Dryden's statement. It would be hard I think to disprove it. 2. Your writing shows decision, determination in action, a good deal of self-reliance and a little inclination to perseverance. Would think you quite candid but rather severe in your judgments.

L. A. H.—You dear little goose! How could I tell you how to make your twitchings—you cannot do it. If you are good, kind and true you will have the earnest respect of all, and that means more than evanescent admiration. Thank you all what I think of Eira. I think they very wicked—that is genuine flirts—don't be one. Your writing shows tenderness for social life, impulse, vanity, some selfishness and a good deal of kindness of heart tucked away in some corner of your rather frivolous little heart.

The Owl.—What a meek little request you send. I am glad you are laughing in your sleeve at the excessive humility which you professed. What a curious name you took, too. I have two wise owls which seem to blink at me every evening, but their eyes don't really move, you know, and I shall hereafter think of you, my new correspondent, when I see them. Your writing shows energy, thoughtfulness, independence of thought and unselfishness, while you are wanting in vivacity and cheerfulness. Thank you for the assurance of correct delineation for you, Mr. Ed. Owl.

Nora de Pierre.—The chances are excellent. 2 Grayish blue eyes indicate intellectuality, strength of purpose and power of endurance, as a rule. Regarding the complexion, it is rile by to fade but the combination of delicate texture will probably be beautiful in its purity and pallor. 3. It is rather difficult to advise a marriage under such circumstances but if you are sure—very sure you have my permission and blessing. 4 Your writing indicates strong self-will, much tenderness in feeling, tact and self-reliance. A letter so concisely worded, with numbered questions is a pleasure to answer, and I shall be glad to give you any assistance in my power.

One Little Rust.—1. Be just yourself, little maiden—good, true and kind-hearted. 2. You must wash in warm water sometimes, else your face will become greasy and little black heads will make your life miserable. First wash in warm, then a rinse in cold water and moderate friction will make a blooming complexion and what is better a thoroughly clean face. 3 If your hair is very coarse you might apply a little mode of an ounce of melted white wax to which has been added a half teaspoonful of tincture of camphor. If they are smooth they should be red, or else you are not in good health. 4. Try a lotion of bay rum and water rubbed well into the roots of your hair. Do it once a fortnight every day. 5 Your writing shows amiability, candor, methodical nature, slowness in reaching decisions and much energy. Thanks for the compliment.

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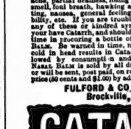

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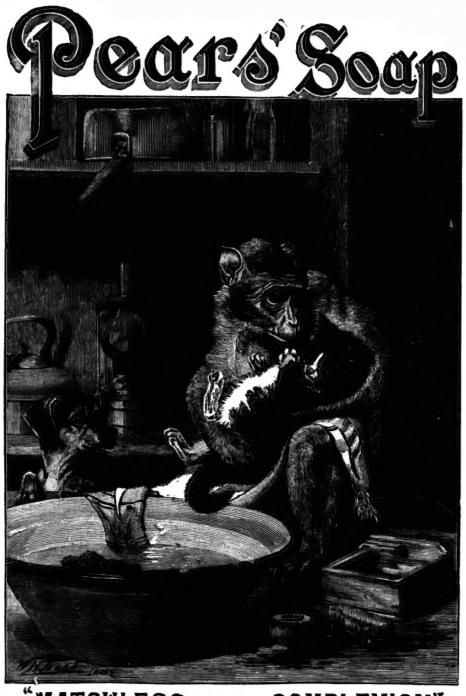

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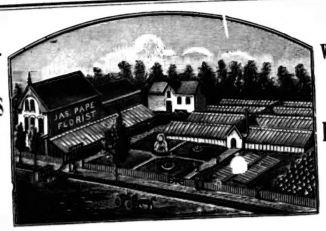


Wedding and Funeral DESIGNS a Specialty

JAMES PAPE, Florist, 78 Yonge Street (Near King St.) TORONTO

(No connection with any other establishment in the city)

ARTICLES

VERY SUITABLE FOR

GENT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THE BON MARCHE

Gent's Short Smoking Jackets
Gent's Long Dressing Gowns
Gent's Stylish Silk Umbrellas

Gent's Elegant Silk Handkerchiefs
Gent's Silk Ties and Scarfs
Gent's Lined and Unlined Kid Gloves

Gent's Extra Quality White Shirts
Gent's Silk and Wool Underwear
Gent's Traveling Rugs and Shawls

Ladies, we suggest the above to you as very desirable and useful Christmas presents for gentlemen friends.

Besides, note that these goods are all marked down 50 CENTS TO 75 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Please Read On:

$10,000.00 worth of Fancy Holiday Goods, suitable for Christmas Presents, positively marked down to Half Price.

THE BON MARCHE, 7 AND 9 KING STREET EAST

A NOBLE GIFT

NOT FOR A DAY, BUT FOR ALL TIME

A MASON & RISCH PIANO

combines all the good features of the best pianos of America, and has in addition special tone qualities that make it superior to all others in the estimation of many connoisseurs.

WAREROOMS - - - - 32 King Street West, 653 Queen Street West

TORONOTO

ARTISTS' PROOF ETCHINGS

READY FRAMED, AT

LOW PRICES

FOR

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ROBERTS & SON

79 King Street West

THE ALLIANCE

BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 27, 1890

Capital, $1,000,000 Subscribed, $500,000

General Offices: 27 and 29 Wellington Street East, Toronto

President, W. Stone; Vice-Presidents, James Swift, Kingston; T. K. Holmes, M.D., Chatham; Manager, A. H. Gilbert; Cashier, Harry Vigeon; Solicitors, McPherson, Clark & Jarvis

The Company issue Bonds guaranteed to the face value. These Bonds are for amounts from $100, and can be bought for any number of years from five upwards.

These Bonds are payable by instalment, and the investor obtains guaranteed compound interest, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and are rapidly protected by a sinking fund invested in first-class real estate mortgages.

This Company is empowered by its charter to act as Administrator, Receiver, Trustee, Assignee, Liquidator and Agent under appointment by the Courts or individuals. Having special facilities for the winding up of estates, the Assignee branch of its business is solicited.

Being a responsible financial company, creditors can depend on prompt settlements and quick winding up of any estates they may entrust to the Company.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)

Assignees, Administrators and Financial Agents

27 and 29 Wellington Street East - - - Toronto

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

PROF. DAVIS'

Academy of Dancing

(No branch academy)

102 Wilton Ave.

22nd Year. 16,000 Pupils

Classes for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses and Masters. Private lessons by appointment.

Observe! The perfect method, the rapid teaching, the inimitable style of dancing, the great number of dances (12) taught in one term at this academy stamps it as the leading establishment of the kind in Toronto. Prof. Davis is the only member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing of the United States and Canada now in Toronto. See circular. Address—

PROF. JNO. F. DAVIS

102 WILTON AVE.

Our stock of Overcoats for Children and Boys is the most complete and varied in the city. Overcoats of many fabrics, shades and styles, all well-made, perfect-fitting garments, and warranted to look well in the critical eyes of any mother who takes a pride in dressing her boys. The prices are the most moderate. When he wants his Winter Suit and Overcoat remember the money-saving place,

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

THE OVERCOAT for to day, to be entirely acceptable, must show brains and talent in the get up. It must be meritorious in quality---with an air of luxury---at the same time moderate in price. We believe ours fill the bill. You should see them. Made to Measure Department is filled with the Best Quality Cloths. Now is the best time to order.

T. K. ROGERS

Men's Clothier 522 Queen St. West

F. P. BRAZILL & COMPANY

165 King Street East = = = Toronto

Leave Your Christmas and New Year Wine and Liquor Order With Us

We have the largest assortment of Choice Wines and Liquors in Canada, having the exclusive agency for most of the finest Wines, Brandies and Old Whiskies for medicinal purposes that are imported.

During the holiday season we are retailing at wholesale prices, and are giving a handsome Chinese Jug to each buyer of a quart of liquor.

We give prompt attention to mail or telephone orders, and deliver goods free of charge to all parts of the city.

THE PALACE LIQUOR STORE OF AMERICA

Telephone 678 — 165 King Street East, Toronto

Special Sale of Ulsters

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

To effect a speedy clearance of our stock of

Ulsters, Redingotes and Newmarkets

We offer a Special Discount of 20 Per Cent. for Cash

THESE GOODS ARE ALL NEW

Consequently this will be an opportunity no lady should miss

SILK PLUSH JACKETS, SPECIAL, $15

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Furriers

Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes

FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, Etc.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Manufacturers - - 101 Yonge Street

A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived. Our new Illustrated Catalogue just out. Call or send for one.

The building of the Yonge street market at Yonge and Gerrard streets, marks an era in the progress of upper Yonge street. On its second floor is situated the photographic rooms of Mr. G. W. Lyon. The premises being specially designed for the use to which they are being subjected are elaborately furnished. The operating room is supplied with the most modern appliances, and altogether the establishment is the most complete and artistic in Canada.

HENRY C. FORTIER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office 16 Victoria Street. Evenings, 57 Murray Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 256 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office, 4 King Street East. Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses Court House, Adelaide Street and 146 Carlton Street

FLORAL
Bingham's
PERFUMES
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DEWEY—At 2.0 Carlton street, on November 27, the wife of E. B. Dewey—a daughter.
CROCKATT—At Toronto, on December 10, Mrs. David Crockatt—a son.
DUGGAN—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. E. H. Duggan—a daughter.
JOHNSON—At Toronto, on December 11, Mrs. F. J. Johnson—a son.
FLEMING—At Windsor, on December 12, Mrs. O. E. Fleming—a daughter.
ATLEY—At Toronto, on December 13, Mrs. William Atley—a son.
FISHER—At Burlington, on December 14, Mrs. William F. W. Fisher—a son.
WALKER—At Toronto, on December 13, Mrs. R. J. Walker—a daughter.
THOMSON—At Toronto, on December 13, Mrs. W. J. Thomson—a son.
ARMSTRONG—At Southsea, Hants, England, on November 24, Mrs Victor Armstrong—a daughter, stillborn.
TIMPSON—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. William Impson—a son.
McLAUCHLIN—At O'Leary Station, P.E.I., on December 10, M. A. D. McLauchlin—a daughter.

Marriages.

STUART—CAMPBELL—At Marshville, on December 10, John A Stuart of Thorold, to Sarah Josephine Campbell.
IRELAND—MALLOY—At Vaughan, on December 10, John Ireland of Kinr, to Elizabeth Malloy.
O'CONNOR—STEVESSON—At Toronto, on November 12. Herbert Bligh O'Connor to Mary Stevenson.
WILLIS—BUGG—At Aurora, on December 10, W. C. Willis to Alice Bugg.
WIGHTMAN—CAMERON—At Toronto, on December 9, E. Wightman to Catherine Cameron.
ALFORD—CARLISLE—At Toronto, on December 10, Harry A. V. Alford of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Fannie Carlisle.
SOLME—SPRAGUE—At Demorestville, Ont., on December 10, Russell R. Solmes of Prince Edward county, to Minnie Grace Sprague of Oakland, Cal.

Deaths.

McCONNELL—At 16 Gerrard street east, on December 10, Jeannie (Cuff), beloved wife of John Alexander McConnell and youngest daughter of the late John McColl of Glasgow, Scotland.
DALY—At Toronto, on December 11, Mrs. Ann Daly, aged 67 years.
HENDERSON—At Toronto, on December 13, William Henderson.
MARTIN—At Toronto, on December 13, Arthur Ernest Martin, aged 13 years.
O'LEARY—At Toronto, on December 14, John O'Leary, aged 16 years.
CURRY—At Toronto, on December 15, Leonora Curry.
JONES—At Tuscan, Arizona, U. S., on December 14, Strachan Jones.
ARGLES—At Toronto, on December 15, Percy Argles, aged 24 years.
RENNIE—At Charters Towers, North Queensland, Australia, on August 30, John T. Rennie, M.D., aged 31 years.
CALLAGHAN—At Toronto, on December 13, Mrs Hugh Callaghan, aged 57 years.
ROSS—At Toronto, on December 14, Nellie Louisa Ross, aged 15 years.
STEVENSON—At Cornwall, on December 14, Helen Denny Stevenson, aged 75 years.
EMES—At Toronto, on December 16, Mrs. S. P. Emes, aged 38 years.

DR. FRED J. CAPON, Dentist 12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S, Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Elgin, Toronto.

J. G. ADAMS DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

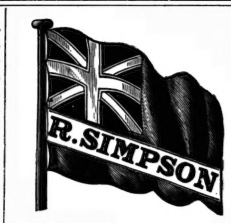
DIAMONDS.

RING
BROOCH
EARRING
ETC.

Having made our purchases before the increase in price, and being under LIGHT EXPENSES, are in a position to sell you Diamonds at a closer price than any other house in the city. Note prices in the window.

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto St.

G. E. TROREY



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

GREAT BARGAINS

In Heavy All-Wool Winter

DRESS GOODS

During Christmas Holidays

Tweeds for Suitings, double width, newest mixtures—50 pieces—clearing at 17c., 18c., 20c., 25c. and 30c. per yard.

50 pieces Satin Finish Brocades, worth 20c. per yard, clearing at 12½c.

Fancy Checked Dress Goods in new combination colorings, at 25c. per yard, worth 50c.

French Broadcloth for Tailor-made Costumes in all the latest winter shades, clearing at 35c., 50c., 65c. and 75c. per yard.

Heavy Scotch Tartans, all wool, going at 65c., 85c. and $1 per yard.

Heavy Scotch Cheviot Suitings, at 45c. and 50c. per yard.

English Storm Serges, very stylish and durable winter material, at 65c. per yard, worth 85c.

FRENCH COMBINATION ROBES

in Plaids, Brocades, Fancy Stripes, Plaid and Satin Strips, Fancy and Boucle Stripe; also a very choice collection of French Braided Costumes in self colors. These goods make useful and elegant Xmas presents.

Prices low at

R. SIMPSON'S

S. W. Corner Yonge and Queen

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St. Handsome turn outs with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

Extensive Alteration Sale

The Golden Crown, Yonge Street

The proprietors, having completed arrangements for extensive alterations to their premises, find themselves forced to unload about

$10,000.00

Ten thousand dollars' worth of Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Velvets, Plushes, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Underclothing, Corsets, etc., before January 1.

A GREAT LOSS

To do this means a great loss to us, but it is a satisfaction to us to know that our customers will be the gainers.

A GENERAL SLAUGHTER

We have gone through each department and made a general slaughter of prices in many cases away below wholesale price.

NOT SATISFIED

With the great reduction already made, we make a still further

GRAND OFFER

Of One Dollar off every Five Dollar Purchase from now to January 1, 1891.

All goods marked in plain figures. An inspection cordially invited.

MacLEAN & MITCHELL, 240 and 242 Yonge Street

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms 117 King Street W., Toronto

COAL AND WOOD

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL—Very finest qualities in the market of Egg, Grate, Stove, Chestnut and Soft Coal.

WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand.

100 Bundles Specially Prepared Kiln-Dried Kindling for $1

KEIRAN & McADAM

OFFICES—Head Office, 559 Queen St. West; Telephone 1170. Branch Offices—737 Queen St. West; Telephone 1324; and 458 Dufferin St; Telephone 5044

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley

COAL

FROM THE

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y